

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

There should be some provision made by the city for the support of the next of kin to those who die in the city's service. A policeman who is killed while defending the property of a citizen should not have his wife or mother or his motherless children left without means of support. A wife is not the only one a generous man takes care of while he is alive; I have known hundreds of men who have stayed single always that their earnings might be concentrated upon sisters, or sisters' or brothers' children. I hold it to be necessary in order to obtain the services of good men that a sum of say two hundred dollars per annum be set apart by the city to pay the widow, the mother or children of those who perish in the city's behalf. I think those entering the civic service in such perilous departments as the fire and police should have the option of saying to whom a certain annuity should go in case of death caused directly by fighting the city's battles, either with flame or foe. It should not be the purpose of such a by-law to render anyone free from a certain amount of responsibility for self-maintenance, but should two hundred dollars per annum be paid to a beneficiary selected by the employee in a dangerous department and accepted by the city, the whole question of grants would be wiped away. The wife, mother or dependants of the chief of police should receive no more than the most humble fireman or policeman, and it should not be possible for anyone to divert this fund from the proper persons to whom in all propriety and consanguinity it should belong. If two hundred dollars is considered too much, make it a hundred and fifty or one hundred, but fix it so that hereafter there shall be no dispute about the matter. If Fireman Bowery's mother is left without any means of support it will be a scandal and a shame to the city of Toronto. She should be given at least a hundred dollars a year. We cannot get good men if we disregard all the ties which bind men to their loved ones.

Nothing which might seem to be of a political nature is more painful to me than to make an attack upon the Education Department of Ontario. I admire the Minister of Education because he is the most able and well equipped speaker in Canada, and there is no harder worker in the public service in the whole Dominion. On the platform he is most effective, because both in manner and in method, and in the careful compilation of what he says, every word and sentence has a meaning and weight which cannot be disregarded by any critic, friendly or otherwise. As Minister of Education I am beginning to doubt whether this oratorical prodigy has developed, or is developing, that peculiar fitness for the position necessary to success or to be tolerated in this province. The decadence of Upper Canada College, the insupportable condition of the professorships and management of the University, and the still greater and more crying scandal of the school books—a point against which he is forced to rub almost every day—make it necessary for Hon. Mr. Ross to revise his code or abandon his post.

It would involve too lengthy an article to enter at length into the Upper Canada College mess, for it is nothing but a mess. The University situation is before the people, and all the coercionists of the Government and the University Senate are trying to prod parents into forcing their sons and daughters into attending lectures, to the utter disregard of student opinion. There is nothing that to me seems so mistaken as the use of this weapon. Socially we all yield to the conventionalities established by the majority. If we disregard them we are marked for life, and only genius or the most extraordinary success can exempt us from the penalty of making ourselves singular. In student life it is an exceedingly dangerous thing to ask a young man or a young woman to become a unit as against the whole mass of a student body. If such a position be chosen voluntarily, well enough, but if it be forced upon one the gorge rises most certainly and a hatred of parental or other authority grows in proportion to the opposition and conspicuity into which such a student is placed. A parent is a born fool, or is a fool created by false advice, who forces a son or daughter into such a worrying condition of antagonism to all the individual likes, socially and conventionally. Education is not worth a cent if it is to be obtained by forcing a youngster into a position of isolation and contempt.

There is nothing that has so sickened me in this whole controversy as the position of the *World*. By editorial, cartoon and comment this paper seems to have suggested to the students that there is no course open to them except being presided over by inefficient and absolutely incompetent professors in many of the departments. Its idea seems to be that the student is a half-hatched egg that has no right to an opinion. It also asserts the idea that Papa and Mamma are supporting the majority of students. While parents are no doubt making great sacrifices to put their children through the University, the fact remains that a great many of the young people are paying the shot themselves. I have gone through the mill myself educationally and I know that it took years of teaching in a country schoolhouse to provide me with means to take even a portion of a college course, and I think my class-mates will admit that in my poverty I always fought with the crowd when the professors did what was unseemly or to the great majority of those who were learning was considered improper. What does it matter

to a man whether he gets his degree or not? Can this question be asked in regard to whether a man or woman does what is right by his or her class-mates in regard to his or her own self-respect? No man can toy with either and be respected by those with whom he sat in lectures or lived in residence or lodging-house. President Loudon and his set of politico educational supporters seem to have entirely disregarded the many and evolutionary phase of student life. To those of us who have passed through such a period the question divests itself of politics and all those controversial features which are certain to involve everyone implicated in destructive side issues. In managing students and in discussing their affairs there should be nothing of controversy or coercion; the whole idea is to lead them, and to make this possible they must be given proper leaders. For some queer reason sheep will follow a goat, but nothing on earth will make them

pun of saying it is entirely in consonance with what we might expect of "hire" people. It is a hired-man policy, utterly devoid of all the graciousness and superiority of educated gentlemen. This seems to me to be the turning-point in the career of the Minister of Education. If he cannot handle this matter he is a ruined man, and let it not be forgotten that if this crisis is not seized in a different spirit the administration to which he belongs will be a ruined government. It is easy to bulldoze license holders and to coerce the ignorant and distant sections of the province, but when Sir Oliver Mowat tries it amongst the students in the center and heart of the thought and the emotion of the province, he is exercising his rude and improper methods in a community that will recognize and denounce him. The educational system of this country was not built up by him nor by Hon. G. W. Ross. Sir Mowat and his following have taken advan-

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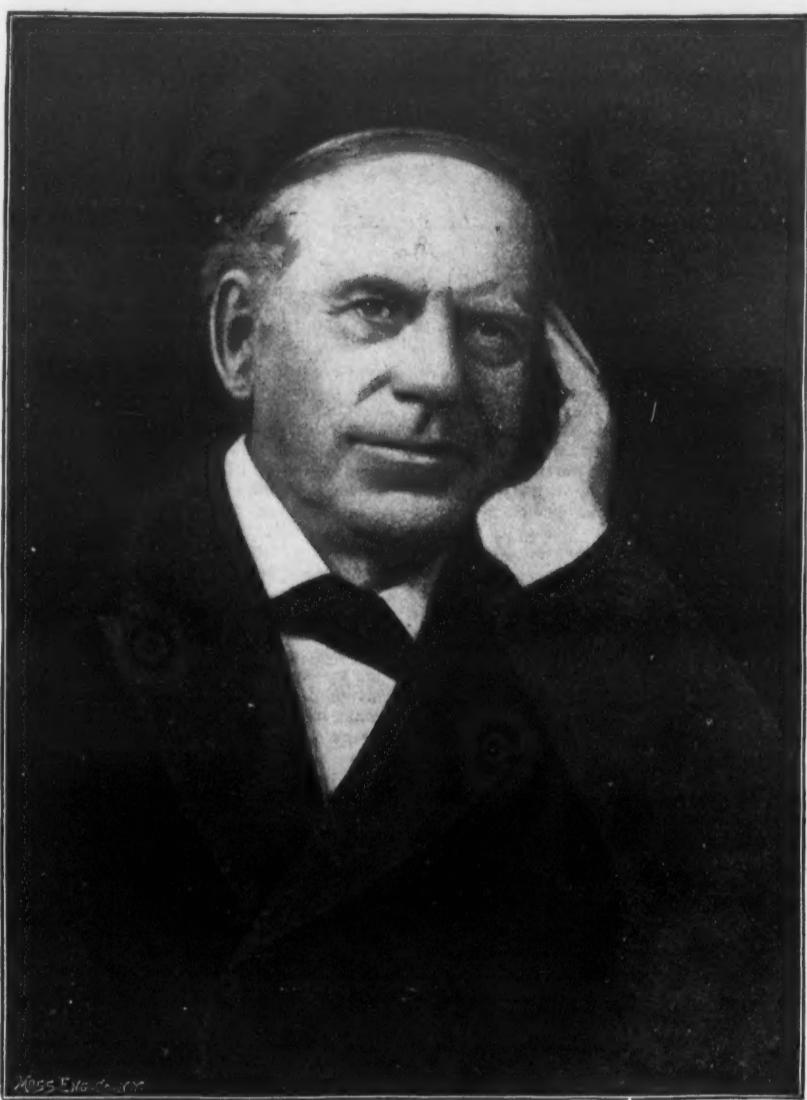
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things, feel it their privilege to keep one's ball ringing all day long. Children selling tickets, collecting for bazaars, asking subscriptions for charitable "at homes," and a thousand and one things in which the householder cannot conceivably have an interest, day after day press the button and keep those who have to answer the door on the alert. When to this are added the importunities of peddlers, the legitimate ringings caused by the postman and callers, really it needs a clerk to attend to the enunciator. Of course people cannot hope to be undisturbed, and the only phase of it that I intend to take up is that which affects the well intentioned ladies who are continually busying themselves with something with regard to which they have really but a trifling concern, but which means the annoyance of a large number of people. Giving should be more of a part of Christianity than singing and prayer and listening to sermons. The churches are no doubt organized to obtain all that the congregations can afford to spend. If so, why bother the people who are no more concerned about foreign missions, except in their own sect, than they are with regard to whether the salary is being paid to the clergyman of a rival church? I think it is a mistake for people to undertake these tasks, which are really an invasion of the social life of all those who own the door bells that are tampered with. It is impossible for people to justify themselves for the self-imposed task of dunning others who are already being dunned to death for grocery bills, and pew rent, and the half-hundred charges that are fixed upon them by their church and social duties. Certainly, if ladies desire to interest newspapers or business men they have a right by correspondence and by calling at a public office to obtain a hearing and to present their case, but I certainly think their rights are limited as regards private houses. I am glad to notice that the pernicious habit of sending children out to sell tickets is dying out. I have no doubt that the absolute failure of such enterprises has done more to discourage them than any ethical consideration for the householder, and I am sure that it will not be long before some of the busybodies who are continually clamoring at doors for subscriptions will meet with such treatment that they will consider rude as will cause them to drop out of the business. That studied rudeness is getting to be the habit of those who meet solicitors at the door, should be a warning to ladies of a gentle temperament to avoid such tasks. The same amount of time and energy spent in directly ministering to the poor would be much better employed. These far-away missions are not attractive, for people remember in effect the words scribbled on the slip of paper which the cynical old bachelor put in the plate when it was being passed about for contributions to foreign missions, when he wrapped up a one-cent piece in a dollar bill with this little stab, "The one cent is for the heathen and the dollar is to get it there."

The charities of the city should be administered by responsible people, they should be maintained at the public expense, and there should always be a place, if there is not one now, where those in need of food or lodging may go for assistance and ask it as the right of a citizen of the country, rather than be permitted to become a mendicant on the public highway, at the doors of private residences or in business offices. Everybody should be informed as to the places for the distribution of the necessities of life and be thoroughly equipped so as to prevent frauds, idlers, fakirs and the vicious from obtaining any advantage. Such people should be cared for by the police. If all the money that is bailed out of people at their doors and in private subscriptions in offices were contributed and manipulated by the proper people and never diverted from the use of the needy and afflicted, we may be sure that but few would be neglected. While any other system is in vogue the acquaintances of those who hear their door bell ring will, unconsciously perhaps, force subscriptions out of the lady of the house which she is neither able nor willing to give and for which, by the law of neither God nor man, is she thanked.

I think there is a misunderstanding with regard to the intention of the Civic Committee with regard to fire escapes. The committee has not usurped the power of stating what fire escape shall be used. As far as I know anything about the matter, I believe the regulation is that every building of four stories and upwards must have some adequate means of exit, even though it is intended only for the caretaker who lives in the top story. I mention this because the advocates of several expensive fire escapes are canvassing the city and, it is said, are claiming that theirs are the only authorized methods of getting out of a burning building. I am quite sure that I am right when I say that there is no authorized scheme; all that the proprietors of buildings exceeding three stories have to do is to provide some method of exit. For my own part, I think a movable fire escape is better than one that is fastened to a building. To go out with a flame is much more difficult than to go out where the wind blows the smoke and flame in a different direction. One thing, however, is certain, that those who have high buildings should not lose a day in providing a proper fire escape of some sort. It being remembered that anything will do which will bear the weight of a human being, the agents for high-priced and so-called authorized escapes should receive no hearing.

More than once I have been forced into the position of being a stormy petrel in commercial matters. If there be under the whole heavenly dome a thankless position it is that of the man who insists on having the facts recognized, even if they lend no comfort to the aching commercial heart. What I desire to say is this: We are suffering—except locally—from no depression caused by a fluctuation of prices. Our hardships are caused by the passage of the New World through the period which is best illustrated as a drop from the first floor into the cellar. There are no hydraulics on earth that can lift us back to the first floor. The machinery has not been invented that can restore the past stratum of prices. We may imagine that we are simply suffering from a period of depression caused by evanescent cir-



T. De Witt Talmage

cumstances. Let us put that away from us; it is not a fact. The great world with its new machinery, its electricity, its wonderful devices, is not the world of ten or twenty years ago. We are closing up the century, and, no matter how it may grieve us, let us admit the fact, we are closing up the old prices, the old circumstances, the old affairs, and we must accommodate ourselves to what the new century brings us. Those who do this will make wealth; those who refuse to recognize the new conditions will wait for better prices in corn, and cotton, and sugar, and wheat, and in the great materials of commerce, and they will wait, and wait, and wait, and God will pity them as He watches them wait, and the world may forgive their debts while they wait, but the good old days will never come back, the lovely old prices will never come back, the halcyon moments of big rises in staples will never come back, for the world has been enmeshed by electricity, its commerce has been accelerated by steam, its people are all versed in the law of supply and demand, and where a few thousands once held the reins millions hold them now. Then let us cease wrangling about Protection and Free Trade as a source of wealth; neither of them can stem the tide of commerce, and it is only a question whether the obstruction that we place on our borders to prevent ourselves being overfilled is more than a temporary expedient. It is only the fool who will deny that the world is changing its centers; it is only the theorist who will dare attempt to stay the tide of this great re-creation. Where it will end, where we as a country may find ourselves should be the problem of all the greatest minds of Canada. Is it not so? Our greatest energies are directed towards the adjustment of matters of race, sect and advantage. If we continue in this course, without doubt we will be overwhelmed.

Hartford Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged \$111 15
Proceeds of concert at Victoria street school 7 75
\$118 90

Money Matters.

C. P. R. earnings for the week ending February 15 were \$224,000, showing a decrease of \$62,000 as compared with the same week of last year. The stock accordingly is weak, and the adjournment of the meeting has not improved matters, because it is not known whether anything more than 1 per cent. will be declared for the half year. This is not to be wondered at if my readers will remember that I stated that there was not likely to be any improvement in the earnings until the spring.

Toronto Railway Company's stock is weak, because the severe winter has interfered with their earnings, and as ex-Ald. Guinlock insisted on a re-opening of the boodle investigation so that he might testify next Monday, if Mr. Neill returns to town, both speculators and investors are holding off. The reason for this is that some people think that the re-opening of the investigation may affect the franchise. As I do not wish to be sentenced for contempt of court in a case *sub judice* I refrain from making any further remarks.

Commercial Cable stock is strong, because the daily receipts are increasing and the expectation is that there will be an increased dividend. To-day (Thursday) the stock stands at 147.

Gas Consumers stock is still rising. Bell Telephone Company's stock is going up also. The annual meeting will be on February 28, and they will issue \$600,000 in bonds bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum, repayable in 30 years. This stock is being taken up very quickly by private investors, and there is little to be bought on the street. This is an evidence of the value of the information which I have given, consistently and persistently, in SATURDAY NIGHT, as to the advisability of private companies in holding in solid dividend-paying Companies instead of depositing their money in the banks. The fact is that people who have money are working for themselves instead of

allowing middlemen to make their profits out of them. Reduction of expenses all around.

There is a change in the management of theitchell and Ontario Navigation Company. Mr. Connolly, the president, has retired, because he has some large contracting business to look after, and L. J. Forget, the Doyen of the Stock Exchange in Montreal, takes his place. It is not likely that the Company will suffer under his management, but it is possible that the stock may be manipulated more than has been done.

As the electric light contract has not been settled, all stocks of that class are in a very quiescent condition; in fact, rather tending to weakness.

Henry has adopted the storage system for the electric railway. They claim that it is a better system than the trolley. It may be so, but it takes 2½ hours to charge each car for a four hours' trip, and how that would do in a large city like Toronto I leave for scientists to decide. The old style of travelling is quite out of date, and Ontario is quite in line with the progress of the age. Brantford, Port Dover, Hamilton, Barrie, Kingaton, Gananoque, London and Western Ontario and St. Thomas have received letters of incorporation for electric railways, and some people who profess to know, say that Mr. McKenzie, president of the Toronto Railway Company, has gone this week to England to show them how to work electric street railways, and make a pot of money for himself and his friends.

Reports from Insurance and Loan Companies are now appearing by the shoal, and it is impossible to take up in one article a notice of every one that comes out. I must take them *seriatim*. The first that comes to hand is that of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company. This is considered one of the best Loan Companies in Canada, and has a directorate composed of the finest financiers in Toronto. Mr. George W. Allan, has endorsed the opinion which I gave a long time ago with regard to the probable recovery of property in Canada this year. He quotes almost my exact words when he says, "There is a general consensus of opinion that the cloud which has so long hung over us is beginning at last to show the silver lining and that already there are indications of an improvement." Let us hope that with the melting of the snow, the winter of our discontent may disappear!

Although I have been talking prosperity I always like to be honest and truthful, and it will be admitted by all the banks, in Toronto at least, that this week has been the poorest for deposits within the last five years. I have noticed within the last few weeks some Insurance Companies, and their progress, as an evidence of returning prosperity, although quietly. I have in the first place to notice the Federal Life Assurance Company. Seeing their reports in this column about Insurance Companies, they thought it might be advisable to give some evidence of figures, so now I can see that the management has been very good indeed ever since Mr. Dexter was able to induce his directors to practically abandon the natural yearly premium. For the last year their income amounted to \$284,467.42. Disbursements to policy holders, death claims, etc., \$156,964.96. Assets, exclusive of uncalled guaranteed capital, of \$431,819.22, and with the uncalled guaranteed capital amounting to \$1,051,622.22. Surplus to policy holders \$95,144.19 and over all liabilities, including capital \$14,947.19, which shows a surplus over last year of nearly \$11,000. This is saying a good deal for a Company that has been run down very much, but, under improved methods, is making rapid strides.

I have also received the financial statement of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company, which shows that the popular institution to be in a position to sustain the even tenor of its way, doing a good and profitable business at a moderate cost. The comparative statement for five years, 1889-1894, shows that the gross assets of the Company have increased nearly 300 per cent. and now amount to the handsome sum of \$821,320.88; the net surplus has increased from zero to \$50,469.72; the cash income has increased nearly 100 per cent.; and the total insurance in force, which at 31st December, 1894, amounted to \$9,550,300.00, has increased 63 per cent.

These results can only have been attained by a policy of management which prefers a moderate amount of good business, secured at a moderate outlay, to a large amount of business secured, of course, at a corresponding increase in working expenses. What insurance men call "the put-by for the year" amounts to over 50 per cent. of the income, whilst an increase in insurance in force of 50 per cent. over 1889 has been placed upon the Company's books at an expenditure of less than 43 per cent. over 1889! These results speak for them-

The Wedding Breakfast

is our specialty. We have devoted much time and thought to its development, and we are continually adding to our stock all that is new and elegant in China, Silver, Glass, Centerpieces, Epergnes, Candelabra and Table Decorations and Furnishings.

We ship Wedding Cakes of the finest quality by express to all parts of the Dominion. Catalogues and estimates on application.

Harry Webb
447 Yonge St., Toronto
The Largest Catering Establishment in Canada

sales; the whole showing is a very creditable one for a company in its eighth year of business, and augurs well for its future. E.S.A.U.

Social and Personal.

The usual Wednesday reception at Government House will not be held next week.

Yesterday was a busy day with society people. Mrs. T. G. Blackstock gave a large tea in the afternoon. Mrs. Campbell Walbridge also gave a delightful tea. The University conversed, and the Athletic Club dance attracted many people in the evening. Mrs. Dan Rose gave an evening reception to meet Mrs. Thornby of London.

A very smart and numerous turn-out of callers was at Mrs. Kirkpatrick's Wednesday reception this week. The bad weather which has rather damped the spirits of visitors was changed for a bright, clear day, and the drive at Government House was filled with hand-some sleighs, whose owners chatted over a fragrant cup of tea or coffee and enjoyed a fragrant half-hour indoors. Among the visitors were: Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Captain and Mrs. Cartwright, Colonel Otter, Miss Arthur, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Colonel George T. Denison, Mr. Martland, Mrs. W. S. and the Misses Lee, Commander Law, Mr. Percy Ridout, Mr. J. E. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. James Crowther and Miss Bunting. Many a warm welcome home was given to Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, who looked in about five o'clock.

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Henry has adopted the storage system for the electric railway. They claim that it is a better system than the trolley. It may be so, but it takes 2½ hours to charge each car for a four hours' trip, and how that would do in a large city like Toronto I leave for scientists to decide. The old style of travelling is quite out of date, and Ontario is quite in line with the progress of the age. Brantford, Port Dover, Hamilton, Barrie, Kingaton, Gananoque, London and Western Ontario and St. Thomas have received letters of incorporation for electric railways, and some people who profess to know, say that Mr. McKenzie, president of the Toronto Railway Company, has gone this week to England to show them how to work electric street railways, and make a pot of money for himself and his friends.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Macdougall's afternoon tea for young people was one of the brightest events of the shortest month. The daughters of the cosy home on Carlton street aided their mother in receiving, and the good offices of His Honor Judge Macdougall were also freely exercised in the way of supplying dainty good things, flavored with many a sly joke, as is his fashion, to the fortunate ladies under his escort. Mr. Douglas Macdougall was also a host in himself. The tea was held in St. George's Hall, the refreshments being served in an ante-room that plenty of space might be secured for the dancers, who, being both young and merry, danced a good deal. The orchestra on the dais played delightfully, and I noticed some of the wreaths and decorations of Mrs. Macdonald's lovely dance still remaining to make the pretty hall even prettier. The soft light, filtered through the yellow shades of crepe paper, was very becoming and restful. Mrs. Macdougall wore a black gown with green trimming, and stood with sweet patience bidding welcome and farewell for hours to her bright young friends. The band played God Save the Queen, as a hint that time was flying, before people reluctantly took their departure. A suggestion to the girls who dance would be to substitute an apology for a bonnet such as is called a theater bonnet, for the large and heavily plumed hats so becoming to their pretty faces, but which ensure a cruel headache, which several girls confessed to as they went unwillingly home on Saturday.

Mrs. Joseph Cawthra's Thursday afternoon reception last week was very largely attended, the fine afternoon tempting many visitors to drive across into Rosedale and halt for a pleasant half hour at Guiseley House. Mrs. Cawthra was assisted in receiving by Miss Cawthra and Mrs. Harry Drayton, and a younger daughter of the house, not yet a debutante, was also busy for the comfort of the guests. Music floated softly down from an orchestra seated at the bend of the double stairway. A good many men turned out for a mid-week tea. One never gets a fair muster of the stern sex except on Saturdays, and there are apt to be more teas than one can well attend on that day on this account. A smart little cavalier was missing, for Master Jack Cawthra is still at school in England. Among the many guests were: Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Greene, Miss Greene, the Misses Arthurs, Mrs. Winstanley and Mrs. Capreole, Mrs. and Miss Cattanach, Mrs. and Miss Osler, Miss Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Miss Coverton, Mrs. and the Misses Drayton, Dr. Ryerson, Mr. Munro Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mrs. and the Misses Mackenzie, Miss Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mrs. Harold Jarvis and Rev. Street Macklem.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Long gave a large dance at Woodland, Jarvis street, last Friday evening. This is one of the dozen houses in Toronto where a large number of guests find plenty of room and dancing is a pleasure. Mrs. Long received in the south parlor and wore a quiet, rich gown of *vieux rose* with jet passementerie. Her pretty daughter, Miss Mary, was charming in white silk, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Long, who, I am glad to see, has quite recovered from a tedious and serious invalidism, also did much to assist the hostess. Mrs. Long, Jr., wore black, lightly touched with white. The host and his brother, two handsome and dignified men, were most cordial and kind to the merry crowd, most of whom were young people. Among the many handsome gowns worn at this dance I particularly noticed Mrs. Fred Jarvis's smart striped silk, with a faultlessly cut Paquin skirt; Mrs. McGann's rich heliotrope gown, veiled with really exquisite lace; Mrs. Covert Moffatt's cream satin, which becomes her perfectly; Miss Daisy Forsythe's *vieux rose* *faille*, with bodice of velvet—a charming gown; Mrs. Ephraim Elliott looked very sweet in white silk and lace, and Miss Murphy was a picture in white *faille*. The new tenor, Mr. Tor. Pyk, was there and danced, as usual, indefatigably; Mr. Claude Macdonell, with the cares of the coming election sitting lightly upon his broad shoulders; Signor Pier Delasco, one of the best waltzers in Toronto; Mr. Harry Field, who is really growing a trifle cynical, and several other musical celebrities were among the guests. The Misses Larkin of St. Catharines were much sought after and thoroughly enjoy a visit to Toronto. An unusually substantial and elegant supper for a young people's dance was served upstairs at twelve o'clock, and an evening of much enjoyment came to a close at a very late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, who are still abroad, are thinking of a visit to Rome. I am sorry to hear that Mr. Cawthra has been suffering slightly from an attack of gout.

The French Club meets this evening at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Bloor street west.

Mrs. (Dr.) Macdonald of Simcoe street gave a lovely tea on Friday of last week. This event was rendered quite a *soiree musicale* by the charming singing of several artists, among whom were Signor Delasco, Mr. Tor. Pyk and Messrs. A. Beardmore and Wylie Grier. The success of all Mrs. Macdonald's social gatherings is a matter of course, and no host in Toronto is more popular than her cordial and handsome husband. In addition to the rich musical treat offered on this occasion was a very happy selection of guests and a dainty buffet.

Mrs. Perrin's tea on Saturday was a very cosy and pleasant affair, partaking more of the nature of a familiar *coterie* than of a formal event. A large number of friends and congenial people were in attendance, and the kind and cordial hostess was in her element. Miss Perrin assisted her mother in receiving. A trio of pretty girls attended to a couple of dainty tea tables.

One of the most delightful dances of the season was the assembly given in the City Hall, Guelph, on Thursday, February 14, and the lady patronesses, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Finlay, Mrs. E. Harvey, Mrs. Hogge, Mrs. Lett, Mrs. Mackinnon, Mrs. McConkey, Mrs. Oxnard, Mrs. Pepler, the committee, Messrs. Colson,

Headquarters for...



Silks

WILL Silks be abundant or scarce? Who knows? We don't! But we guess scarce, and therefore have early provided the best variety in the market.

Japanese Handw, 50 pieces cream and white, reg. 50c. for 10c. Liberty Silk, pure, all shades, 50c. Kal Kale, many styles never shown before, fading colors, only shown by us, worth 60c. for... Colored Brocades, 22 in., \$1 quality, for...

Satin Library, just in, the latest Parisian fad, in seeded effects, very special for fancy waist, can get them only here, worth 75c. for... Black Tafta, the high, rich, brilliant, special. Black Surah, 50 pieces, double warp, no silk, worth 50c. for...

350 250 350 650 450 750 350 500 350 650

BENGALINES—
Vast selections in
evening shades
for 10c.

R. SIMPSON
LARGEST SILK IMPORTERS
IN CANADA

170, 172, 174, 176, 178
Yonge St.

1 and 3 Queen St. West
TORONTO

Dunbar, Lampicy, Roper Curzon, Saunders, and Von Ifland, together with the honorary secretary, Mr. Eardley Wilmot, may congratulate themselves on sustaining the well earned reputation that Guelph has for charming and cleverly arranged parties. Everything had been accomplished that could possibly add to its success, and with a great many visitors from Toronto, Hamilton, London, etc., together with a splendid floor, excellent supper and delightful music, it is little to be wondered at that all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I noticed among others: Miss Gillespie of Hamilton, Miss Macdonnell of Toronto, Miss Gower of London, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Hall, Miss Finlay of Guelph, Miss Donville of Hamilton, Mrs. Armstrong of Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. Lett, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Pepler, Miss Pipe, Miss Chisholm, Miss Oxnard, Miss Herod of Guelph, Miss Marcon of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. McConkey, Miss Saunders, Miss Crawford, Miss Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Gower, Miss Adams, Miss Parker, Miss Jeffrey, and Miss Grenside of Guelph, and Messrs. Macdonnell, Bethune, Francis, and Lamprey of Toronto, Zealand, Garrett of Hamilton, Campbell of Elmira, Whatton of Grimsby, and Howitt, Molony, Dixon, Nelles, Lamprey, Roper, Curzon, Dunbar, Saunders, Bell, Buckland, Morris, Phin, Scarff, Guthrie, Jeffrey, Finlay, Orton, Murton, Daly, and many others of Guelph. Among so many handsome gowns and charming faces I would not dare choose one as the particular star of the evening.

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X.

It is said that the wound given by a ricochet bullet is more ragged, painful and difficult to heal than one from a shot that has encountered nothing in the flight to its victim; and, adopting this as an illustration, it may be written that the man who starts swiftly on the right course, but encountering an inopportune circumstance glances into an evil way, is more dangerous to all with whom he comes in contact than if he had been an evil man from the first. This may be so with strong natures; but, as a rule, professional villains are weaklings. Every man is a villain by nature and inclination, and honest men are such only by faith and policy. It requires a much stronger will to be honest than to be dishonest. Then, again, there are some men who, having done one wicked deed, take panic at their own iniquity and run amuck for the rest of their lives, not having the strength of will to pull up, each successive evil-doing frightening their weak souls into a fresh outrage. Poor Jack Howard, born to honesty, and now the most miserable of men, cast about him day and night for some way to ensure against the fruits of his dishonesty. He realized, as sure as he was a thief, that he would be exposed to the world, and that soon. He asked himself what would follow. What would become of him when disgrace fell upon him? Was he, after a taste of the world, to crawl back again to Drury lane and live, a rat in a garret, to venture out into the light only to hawk a picture for an occasional half-crown? No. That would never do. He must manage it somehow, so that when the crash came, when the dust and splinters settled to earth again, and the roar of the falling fabric ceased to beat on his ear, he would find himself not utterly ruined, but with a substantial grip on the world still. He pondered the problem night and day and made up his mind to sacrifice another to save himself. First, writing to Miss Treveland to say that he would call, he hurried back from Paris. He did call, and seizing the first favorable opportunity, asked Madge Treveland to be his wife.

There can be no doubt that if poor Jack Howard had had nothing on his conscience all the days of his acquaintance with Madge Treveland, he would have learned to love her in an honest way. But his mind had all the time been too troubled to allow of that peaceful contemplation so essential to real love, and it may as well be told that for a long time he courted the girl more from motives of fear than love. He loved her, too, but it was the love a captain has for a harbor of refuge when a hurricane threatens—the love of self-preservation. Jack Howard set his heart on Madge Treveland as a harbor of refuge till the threatening storm should pass. He looked to her for support. He looked to her to counsel him aright; to again set his feet in the ways of truth; to be, in fact, his earthly saviour. And the longer he thought of the matter, and the more he sympathized with himself, as only one in the wrong can self-sympathize, the more it seemed to him that this would be a little thing for a girl to do, a trifle, a matter that any woman should be glad to do for her superior, Man. Poor fellow! no good will be done by following him in his disappointment. It is sorry business craning the neck to see a fellow being hanged. Jack Howard walked the studio floor feeling that the very world had dropped from under him when Madge Treveland said "No." I wish she had said "Yes;" it would have beautifully complicated this story. But there is a bit of the divining rod about every woman when it comes to choosing a husband. Jack Howard divined in the ring and emphasis of the "No" that this time a woman's "No" meant "No." And he felt himself lost for ever. He walked the floor rapidly, but in silence, and, as he walked, the maid tapped at the door to announce that a gentleman had called to see Miss Treveland, and was waiting below. Madge at once arose. She knew who the new visitor must be. With her hand on the door she paused to say to the young man:

"Mr. Howard, let us pretend that this evening has never been. I am proud of the friendship of the author of such a story as *The Trial by Fire*, but I can never accept your love. Will you allow me to introduce you to the friend who waits below? I think you will like him."

"I will follow you in a few minutes, if I may," Jack said quietly. Madge nodded approval, and left him to collect himself as best he might. She thought the pleasure of meeting an old friend might cheer him up.

Quite half an hour passed before Jack Howard entered the room where sat the girl he had lost and the acquaintance he was so unexpectedly to find. He did not at once recognize his old room-mate, it may be because the light was in his eyes, or that his sight was dimmed. Indeed, he had covered half the distance between the door and Darrell before the light of recognition leaped to his eyes. Jack Howard stopped in his tracks. Very likely under the circumstances he doubted his sight. He did not outwardly start, he uttered no exclamation; but only gazed calmly, enquiringly, silently into the face of his old friend for it might be quite half a minute. And then, satisfied he saw no visionary mirage, he advanced, held out his hand, and said quietly:

"How are you, Dick?"

"How are you, Jack?" Darrell replied. The

two grasped hands, and stood looking into each other's eyes.

Madge Treveland noiselessly arose, and clutched the back of the chair. For across the calm faces she read, printed in letters of black, the word "Tragedy." The two men as they stood there seemed to have forgotten her presence, and when they unclasped hands and sank into seats she judged that it might be better to leave them for a few minutes. That something was about to happen she felt sure, but with equal certainty she believed the question between them would in no way develop into a broil. She was about to slip out of the room when Jack Howard glanced quickly at her.

"Pray do not leave us," he said, in a voice but little louder than a whisper.

Madge Treveland returned to her seat, walking toe-a-tip, the why or wherefore of it she could not say. Dick thought for a moment that Howard stayed her for his own protection, believing that no exposure would be made while she remained, but in this he did his old room mate an injustice. For a long time—minutes it must have been—not a word was spoken. Jack Howard sat in a rocker, his elbow on the arm of it, his head resting on his hand, and he gently rocked himself forward and back, his eyes wandering over his old-time friend with a strange gaze of sympathy

minutes. Turning to Madge, Jack continued: "I'm no hero, and I'm a very incomplete villain. I have made love to you while all the time the modicum of better nature belonging to me revolted at the process. My better self rejoiced when I saw that you were in love with the story and not with me. This was at once gall and honey. Your refusal this evening of my suit lifted a load from off my soul, at the same time casting me utterly down.

Again there was a long pause, during which the two who had been listening summed up the news that had fallen to their ears. Madge ran over in her mind every point of her strange acquaintanceship with Darrell and with Howard from the day she met the first in the reading-room of the Museum to this, the night of Howard's mortifying confession. Her Knight of Clare Market was, after all, the author of the story she liked so well, and this Howard had merely stolen it for a brief space of time. A silly steal, she thought—a ridiculously silly proceeding altogether; and she flushed rather angrily when she thought of Howard's attempt to drag her into his hopeless future. And then she thought of her art, and of the serious exception this Darrell had taken to her pictures, and she sensibly recognized that circumstances had altered, and that she now stood in a subordinate position to the rightful author so far as the book was concerned. Sensible girl! Al-



Jack Howard stopped in his tracks.

and compassion. He rocked, and rocked, and rocked, but no one broke the silence, for it was plain to the other two that Jack wished to speak first. He did so.

"I'm glad you've come back, Dick."

Darrell felt that there was nothing for him to say, so he said nothing.

"I thought you had left the country.—No; what is the use of me lying? Let me put it truthfully; I wished and tried to make myself believe that you had left the country—he still spoke in a low, clear voice—" and I almost lost my brain to believe so, but my heart, never! I am sick of the sorry affair. I am glad you have come back."

Madge Treveland continued to look from one to the other. She did not at all understand the situation.

"I suppose you were put to considerable trouble with the story," began Dick, thinking to make Jack's burden a little lighter. But Howard would have none of it. When a man's repentance is genuine, he likes to be punished with unflinching severity, to be scourged to the bone.

"Not a bit of it. I had nothing to do with the story but to steal it, to rob it of its title and you of your name, to collect the price of it and to spend the money. That's all I did. That is my glorious share in your triumph."

"Scarcely the right thing," Dick said, in spite of himself. Madge now was beginning to understand.

"The right thing, Dick! It was a devilish thing, wrong from start to finish; a sordid thing. And what made me do it is more than I can tell. When I got the editor's note saying that the story had been accepted, I pawned my clothes to raise the money to look for you. I traced you to Staines and there lost track of you. Then I returned to rob you." Jack spoke excitedly for the first time to night.

"The editor of *The Ishmaelite*, unwittingly, to be sure, first put it into my head to claim the story; and when I saw Miss Treveland here and found how she admired the story and how I admired her, I allowed myself to lead myself step by step away from the right, until I now but half believe that you are not doing me a great wrong by your return. It is difficult to believe that I do not deserve the fame and money that I hold of yours."

Again there was silence in the room for some

ready in imagination her fingers were busy substituting English faces in all her pictures. Darrell, being masculine, first thought, "Hullo! Proposed to her, did he? Cheek!" And then at once his thoughts were thoughts of charity. "Poor old Jack! poor old Jack!" he repeated over and over again under his breath.

But as they sat, Jack Howard began to fidget, and gradually a hunted look came into his eyes. He asked eagerly:

"What are you going to do?"

"In what way?" enquired Dick.

"About the story—about the money. I have spent most of it. Are you going to give me in charge? Are you—"

"Don't talk d— nonsense, Jack," Dick answered abruptly, overlooking the fact that a lady sat beside him.

"I have lost my good name—I have lost my good name!" Jack said excitedly. His nerves were giving way. "I am off for America, if I may. I will call to-morrow." He stopped short and looked at Darrell. Dick understood. "Keep it," he said. "I have enough to go on with."

"Only enough for my passage, not a penny more; and as a loan, not otherwise. Everything else I will send to you. And, by the way—" He again ceased speaking to look into Dick's eyes.

"What is that, Jack?"

"My name. My name, John Howard, is the name your story has made famous. No one knows of Darrell, and everyone of Howard. You must take over the name with your property, and it must become your property with the rest."

Dick saw that such was the case.

"I have lost my good name—doubtless lost my good name," Jack repeated; and, fearing that he might be on the point of breaking down, and determined to get away before the collapse came, he thrust forward his hand and clasped Dick's with the grasp of despair. Without looking at Madge he took her hand, and then was gone. *Exit Jack Howard.* When for him the curtain next rolled up, it revealed in the background the Rockies, their peaks white against the blue of the western sky.

(To be continued.)

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"Governor" Appetite.

You have seen or heard of the apparatus in a steam engine called the "governor." Its object is to regulate the quantity of steam supplied by the boiler to the engine, so as to keep it running evenly, whether the power required is more or less. Very good.

Now, there is another governor on a machine of much greater consequence than any steam engine—namely, the appetite, or sense of hunger, in the human body. The mill or machine that grinds the food is located in the middle of your body—down in the dark. You never see it or touch it. You swallow your meals, and if all is right with the machine, you have no further business with it. The stomach has a peristaltic or oscillating motion, by which it shakes up and churns its contents; but so silent and smooth is it that you have no more sense of it than of the earth's revolution. But when it is out of order, notice of the fact is served on you, even quicker than a notice to quit on non-payment of rent. The notice comes through the Appetite—the Governor Manager or Executive Officer. Yet people are foolish enough to think that loss of appetite is bad enough in itself, and that they ought to do something to force it, or to coax and coddle it.

Drop that notion and never pick it up again. When your appetite fails, say this: "Heigho! I've got a notice that my stomach doesn't want any breakfast; what's the matter down there?"

Take the experience of Mr. Walter Burkinshaw of 280 Dunlop street, Carbrook, Sheffield. He says that in June, 1891, his appetite fell away, and he could scarcely touch the food that was placed before him. He had a foul taste in his mouth, and a disagreeable phlegm covered his teeth and tongue. When he did eat a morsel he had a deal of pain at his chest and around the sides; and he thought the food caused the pain, as in fact it did.

Presently he got weak, and felt tired and done up. His ears were full of ringing noises, and he couldn't even hear the clock strike. When in company he says he felt miserable, because he was like a dummy; he couldn't hear what folks were saying. By-and-by he got so weak—he was a jobbing blacksmith by trade—that he had to give up work. At night he couldn't sleep much, as he was constantly bolting up wind and a sour fluid. Well, things were this way with him week after week and month after month—a most dismal, unhappy and unprofitable time, indeed.

He took all sorts of medicines, as we might expect; but, he says, "the physic gave me no strength." That everybody does not expect. But it is true all the same. *Nothing but digested food gives any strength.* The right kind of medicine enables the stomach to digest food, and so you get strong. But let us keep to our tale.

After telling us all the foregoing, Mr. Burkinshaw ends his letter in these words: "When I found there was no chance of getting back to my work (he was at Dodsworth, Barnsley, Yorkshire, when taken ill,) I returned to Sheffield and dragged on till the middle of July last (1892,) when I read in a book what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done in cases like mine. I sent to Boot's Drug Stores, High street, Attercliffe road, and got the medicine. A few doses relieved me, and after I had taken them both I was a well man. (Signed) Walter Burkinshaw."

The date is October 15, 1892. The address we have already named.

Now, of what did Burkinshaw's failing appetite inform him? Simply that no more food was wanted. Beyond that point he didn't understand what had happened. His stomach was inflamed, and—mechanically speaking. For the time it was like a closed factory. There was a lock out. To force down food was only to make matters worse. It was indigestion and dyspepsia, which can't be cured by ignoring it, even if you could ignore it. But when Mother Seigel was consulted, and her help accepted, matters improved in a twinkling. The stomach soon resumed business, "Governor" Appetite proclaimed the fact, strength and power grew in the body, and our friend, as he says, "was a well man."

"One thing must be admitted in favor of our sex," announced the advocate of female rights and superiority to her husband. "In the time of need we are always strong. Can you mention the name of a single woman who has lost her head in the time of danger?" Why, there was the lovely Marie Antoinette, my dear," suggested her husband mildly, with a deprecating smile.

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Hostess—While I was out

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Between You and Me.

I WAS reading such a funny little book the other day, called *The Art of Letter Writing*. It gave directions for the proper forms of address and expression in social and business matters, and plenty of information sure to be of great value to those not to the manor born, but, after all, it never touched the letters that are as nectar to rain-water in comparison with the sort duly set forth in *The Art of Letter Writing*. A great many foolish letters are written, a great many hasty ones. Everyone is not a lawyer, with a holy horror of putting things in black and white. One writes an impulsive letter straight from the heart, over-freighted perhaps with ill-expressed sentiment; a sort of *tete-a-tete* letter, as it were. In nine cases out of ten, that letter becomes the property of some third party, either through carelessness or lack of proper respect on the part of the recipient. There is positively no forgiveness for the one who makes family fare of a *tete-a-tete* letter. Yet plenty of good people do just that thing. One knows it, and can guard against it, or one doesn't know, and is food for criticism, surmise and misunderstanding. Men carry letters for weeks in breast pockets of coats that hang in many houses; women carry letters in bags, pull them out and drop them when in a hurry for their fare in a crowded car. The other day I picked up a letter and gave it to the woman who dropped it. I saw the address, couldn't very well help it. She was horribly put out and began a long explanation of its contents. I laughed and pulled one from my muff bearing the same address, and told her she shouldn't hear what was inside it. I have no doubt one was as irreproachable as the other.

A great deal of money is wasted for the transmission of letters that have no excuse for existence, but sometimes the little two or three cent stamp brings one many dollars' worth of precious words. I have been gloating over a pretty decent budget to day, ten cents' worth that ten dollars would not buy. The slightly wavering lines from the convalescent; the deep, heavy down strokes from the bluff old sea dog, whose heart is big and hand to match; the cranky foreign twirls from far Hungary; the even, strong, honest letters with firmly crossed t's and snappy final from the clever woman nearer by. The only drawback to my happiness seems to be that they've all got to be answered and time is so short!

Once I found among my papers in a certain corner a letter which I shall never forget, though I would if I could. It was sealed in a blank envelope, a bulky little screed, and I wondered what I had stored up and forgotten as I tore it open. A red rose fell out, a faint perfume came from the closely written sheets. I read every word of that letter with much amazement, and then I put the rose in and sealed up the sheets and laid them gently away, not knowing then or now who wrote it nor how I came by it. It was the heart-broken appeal of a maid to a man, the history of a love unrequited or grown weary; the red rose was more than a rose, it was the heart of a woman breaking with pain. And the exasperating part was, and is, that the envelope was blank, the letter gave no clue, and perhaps the wandering lover might have come back to his red rose sweetheart if her appeal had only reached him.

Mary, the colored cook, gave warning. Her mistress protested she couldn't live without her faithful saible servant of ten peaceful years. Mary confessed to matrimonial intents and named the Chinese laundryman as her partner in foolishness. The mistress was aghast. She argued, scolded and finally wound up with, "But, Mary, if you should have any children, think of it!" "I know, Missie; I have thought. I know dey'd be Jews, but I can't help it!" said Mary desperately. And her mistress collapsed, breathless.

Have you seen the ring puzzle? The other night in the train a book peddler introduced it to a car full of bored voyageurs. It is a small brass disc with a hole in the center and many perforations all around that hole. A split-ring hangs from a perforation and the center hole, and has to be passed by a set route through many perforations and finally off over the outer edge. The book peddler gave us each one and went placidly out. We began passing the split-ring; we wiggled it back and forth, down side tracks into *cult de sac* perforations; we frowned and glanced at the next puzzler; he frowned back and set his teeth. The colored porter begged for mine to have a try; he tried for fifteen minutes. The lawyer tried, the young lady tried, a valet and a lady's maid tried. Finally one young man sat back with a satisfied air. "Did you do it?" we all cried out. He held up the disc with the little ring ready to fall over the outer edge. We all seized our puzzles again, but that ring would not come where it should. Then the peddler came back to take up the puzzles. He gathered in dimes instead. Someone said, "Hang it all; can you do it?" The peddler smiled. "With my eyes shut," he said calmly. "Then show us how, will you please?" said the judge, and he showed him, just giving a few twists and twirls and the thing was off. Then we all had to be shown, just to convince us that the discs were properly perforated. Then we worked away again. One by one we got the secret; all except the delicate gentleman in the nippes who sat gazing at his puzzle and shaking his head despondently and remarking, "It's really very exasperating, but mine won't come." I showed him, the peddler showed him, we got quite excited over his slowness of comprehension, but I don't think he ever got the ring over the edge, though he worked at it surreptitiously for hours.

LADY GAY.

Wanted Amusement.

Hostess—I will have to leave you a little while. What can I do for your amusement while I am out?

Little Visitor—I wish you would let me look at your family album.

"Do you think you will enjoy that?"

"I guess so. Mamma says everybody laughs over it."—*Good News.*

How's that, Umpire?



Temperance Orator—When the rich man was in torment, what was it he besought the poor and lowly Lazarus to bring him to quench his thirst? Not brandy, not gin, not whisky, nor yet beer, but water, my friends, water; and what does that show us?—*Pick-Me Up.*

Books and Authors.

M R. GOLDWIN SMITH has reviewed Mr. Pope's memoirs of the late Sir John Macdonald, in the *Illustrated London News*, and I reproduce a few of his most important paragraphs: "Sir John Macdonald was supposed to be in face very like Disraeli. Some who knew both men could see no resemblance at all between the Highlander and the Hebrew. The characters of the two men had hardly anything in common, unless it were freedom from certain moral conventionalities. Disraeli was highly imaginative. He was a maker of programmes and phrases. There was nothing of this in Sir John Macdonald. In fact, the political element in which he moved was one in which 'Contingsby' would have been utterly lost. He was simply a party manager and Parliamentary tactician, first-rate in his kind. If he had any counterpart in British politics, it was Palmerston rather than Disraeli. He resembled Palmerston, too, as a speaker. He was not eloquent. He did not much prepare his speeches. He was unfinished; sometimes even ungrammatical and confused. But, like Palmerston, he was always ready, was always adroit, and always touched the right chord to win him votes. He took care, too, never to weary the House. His biographer aptly compares his speeches with those of another distinguished Canadian whom British audiences have now the privilege of hearing, and who rarely spoke in Parliament without exhausting the whole subject he rose to discuss, and who, by reason of his desire to avail himself of everything that bore on his argument, frequently succeeded in producing weariness rather than conviction in minds less gifted than his own." Sir John was a political orator. He spoke for Parliamentary or popular votes; and with that object in view confined himself to leading points, leaving minor points out of sight. His rival's style, like his mind, was forensic, and he thrashed out the whole case, taking the small points as well as the great, as though he were pleading before a court of law.

"Nobody ever studied the art of managing a parliament more thoroughly or successfully than Sir John Macdonald. A good observer has said of him that he knew the House as other men knew their offices; held its every clue, big and little; and the moment a new Parliament loomed above the horizon, measured it, gauged it, and saw what he could make of it. At the beginning of the session he would take his list of members, tick off the doubtful men, and mark their names with red, which, if he made them his own, was changed to blue. We are not surprised that at the end of the session most of the marks were blue. If the records of the process by which this result was brought about, and the records generally of Sir John's private dealing with an extremely curious set of politicians, could be extracted from his private correspondence and laid before us, we should have some fun, and probably a considerable feast of scandal.

"Sir John cannot be said to have been squeamish in his political associations any more than in his political tactics. The saying reported of him that the best Cabinet would be one consisting of thirteen men, each of whom, if you chose, you could put into the penitentiary, was: we may be sure, either unscrupulous or not serious; yet it was rather well invented. He exercised personal as well as Parliamentary fascination; he could be all things to all men. At the refined and cultured end of the table he could be the man of refinement and culture; at the other end he could be what that other end preferred.

"Sir John's early life had been passed in political warfare of the roughest kind, and sometimes he would forget himself and break out; but as he rule he was courteous in the House. He was placable, so far at least that he never allowed his resentments to stand in the way of his ambition. His life shows that he did not love Mr. George Brown. But Mr. Brown's organ pursued him, as it pursued everybody else who did not bow to its owner's will, with a malignity and brutality such as are hardly conceivable in these days.

"Mr. Pope assures us that Sir John had strong religious convictions; that he invariably qualified his plans for the future with "D.V." adding it, if it was omitted by his secretary, with his own hand; and that he was in full sym-

pathy with the objects of the Salvation Army. The religious world in general and the Salvation Army in particular will be edified and gratified by learning the fact on such excellent authority."

Recently a story was set going by the Paris press to the effect that Alexandre Dumas the elder, when at the height of his fame, accidentally dropped a twenty-franc piece in the presence of his son, and, in picking it up, said: "I am said to be extravagant, but look: I came to Paris with two louis, and I still have one left." The story was not true, but it has more foundation than most anecdotes of celebrities. M. Dumas the younger now gives a version of the occurrence, for the truth of which he vouches. "One day," says the author of *Le Demi-Monde*, "I went to see my father, and found him working away as usual. I asked him how he was, and he replied, as he went on writing, that he was very tired. I said he ought to take a rest, whereupon he opened a drawer and showing me two twenty-franc pieces, he said: 'My dear Alexandre, when I came to Paris, in 1823, I had fifty-eight francs. You see I have only forty left. Until I have made up my eighteen francs, I can not leave off work.'

Marie Edith Beynon of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, has a story in the January number of *The Midland Monthly*, published at Des Moines. The story is entitled *Two Men and a Madonna* and is charmingly written.

The second volume of Sir Bernard Burke's *Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Colonial Gentry*, the first volume of which was published in 1891, has just been given to the public. Among the pedigrees in the work are those relating to the following families in Canada, viz.: Aylmer, Robinson, Cayley, Macdonell, Caron, Tupper, Miller, Macdougall, Allan, Archibald, Ogilvie, Kirkpatrick, Aikins, Macdonald, Lee, Stephen, Daly, Smith, Tilley, McInnes, Macpherson, Cartwright, McLaren, Lefroy, De Lery, Vankoughnet, Cassells, Grant, Hamilton, Grasett, Galt, Vail, Ridout, Gemmill and Benson.

J. Cuthbert Haddon in his new book, *Are You Married?* just published in London, gives us some idea of what leap year really meant at one time. He quotes from an old work called *Love and Matrimony* as follows: "It is now become a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life that as often as every bissextile year does return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love unto the men, which they do either by words or looks as to them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefits of clergy who doth refuse to accept the offers of a lady, or who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely." The privilege had its origin in an act of the Scottish Parliament passed in 1288, whereby it was 'ordained that during the reign of her maist blesst Majestic Margaret, ilk maiden lades of baith high and low estate shall haib libertie to speak to the man she likens. If he refuses to take her to be his wif he shall be mulct in the sum of one hundred pundis or less as his estate may be, except and alwaif if he can make it appear that he is betrothit to another woman, then he shall be free.' These were hard times for bachelors, who nowadays can only, it is understood, be 'mulct' in a dress of silk or other handsome material."

Isaac Pitman & Sons, 3 East 14th street, New York, have published, says the *Boston Journal of Education*, in a little pamphlet a paper by E. Barker of Toronto, entitled, *Which System of Shorthand Should We Learn?* It contains a remarkably clear statement of the principles of the different systems, their origin and present value, and their relative importance and usefulness. It is a carefully written paper, based upon clear reasoning. Everyone desirous to master a system of shorthand writing should secure this essay before deciding which one to study. J. R. WYE.

Needs Go Now.

A wealthy old lady, one bitter cold morning, said to her servant: "James, it has been a very cold night, and I am afraid poor Widow Green is suffering. Take her a wheelbarrow load of wood. But, James, before you go, make up

could do this effectually with a filling of sawdust. When it was finished, the gentleman stood on one side and called to the carpenter on the other:

"Can you hear me, Smith?"
"No, sir, not a bit," was the prompt reply.—*Munsey's.*



Charles H. Hutchings.

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Stage and Platform.

THOSE who have not read Hall Caine's latest novel—and as usual Canadians are a year behind the times in regard to this book—have probably read in our last issue, or in one of the dailies, a summary of *The Manxman* as dramatized from the novel by Mr. Wilson Barrett. It is only necessary then to repeat that it is the story of an honest fellow who left his betrothed in the care of a friend while he went to Kimberley, in Africa, to dig for diamonds and grow rich enough to marry; but the girl and the friend learn to love each other. The girl is frail, the friend is weak rather than vicious, but being rich and ambitious he feels that he cannot marry Katie, who is a tavern-keeper's daughter. And he don't know where he are,

But he sees no application of the hymn to his own case. "She has brought my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave," he quotes, and "I who once held my head amongst the proudest in Israel am" crushed to earth. It will interest those who saw the play to know the end of this old humbug. He went crazy, and getting a fish-horn walked about his house blowing furiously and imagining it to be Jericho. There was a thunderstorm raging and the place was struck by lightning. In an exchange the other day I saw a quotation from Ruskin, in which he said that when a man is bad his religion is the worst part of him. This is a great truth.

Mr. Horace Hodges makes a capital Ross Christian. He is a sort of dude rioter, who thinks he is all right because he can trounce any man of his weight in the Isle of Man. When he and his two companions come on after a night of prize-fighting, all battered but still game for anything, singing drunkenly

And he don't know where he are,

the gallery almost loses its wits. Mr. Hodges makes this one of the very best things of the kind imaginable. I have seen Mr. Hodges in different pieces and consider him an invaluable member of Mr. Barrett's company.

Pete is such a rugged, sinewy-looking fellow that the holding of him by Katie and her father, when in fury he attempts to brain Philip, seems hardly adequate. He could free himself with one shake. Concern for Katie's clinging fingers is only a partial excuse. It might be better for Katie, instead of seizing the axe, to throw herself protectively upon Philip, which sight would shock Pete at once into the state of mind at which he does arrive by the present process. A faint struggle, always inartistic and faulty, would thus be avoided.

In the novel Philip Christian is an admirable fellow of high honor, who is snared by a girl who sets her snare deliberately. He is socially her superior and she sets about buying him at a fatal price. She thinks Pete dead, but it would have been much the same anyhow. In the play Philip is a poor tool of a fellow, and the girl is rather nice. In the book Ross Christian is a roving blackguard who wastes his father's estate and is altogether detestable; in the play he is a game youngster, quite preferable to his sad, mooning, Fauntleroy cousin, Philip.

Othello was announced to have been played Thursday night, but it was scored off and The Manxman continued. Everyone was disappointed, because in that piece Mr. Franklyn McLeay cuts a big figure as Iago. McLeay is a Canadian and we are interested in him. He takes no part in *The Manxman*. We have scarcely a chance of seeing him at all. This causes talk, for Mr. McLeay's indiscreet admirers are saying that Mr. Barrett envies the Toronto boy the applause he gets here. I should be sorry to think that Wilson Barrett is small enough to fit in with this theory. His fame as an actor will suffer no diminution through being generous to a supporting player, and he might profit by letting Toronto see one of its boys cutting his biggest figure. It is unwise to run counter to the public in this way.

The management of the Toronto Opera House have contributed their share to the banner theatrical week of the season and have put up a great show, the attractiveness of which has filled every available space in the spacious house at each of the several performances. There is no stronger vaudeville company in America than Hopkins' Trans-Oceanic Star Specialty Co., and the entertainment which its members provided on Monday night compared most favorably with that to be witnessed at any of the first-class London music halls, the artists all being stars in their respective lines of business. One has to be careful, as a rule, in recommending a vaudeville show, because whilst one or two of the "turns" may be worthy of notice, generally there is so much inferior talent engaged that the critic hesitates to advise his readers to go and witness the show. The contrary is the case at the Toronto Opera House this week, however. An instructive and entertaining couple of hours of enjoyment may be obtained, and some of the most clever people on the stage may be seen into the bargain. The space at my command does not permit of my referring to all the people whose names appear on the programme, because the list is a long one. Miss Nettie Dacouray is a pleasing serio-comic vocalist, who introduces several songs, which are the more acceptable because they are up-to-date. I Know It Now, Girl Wanted and Will You Marry Me being among the number. An exceedingly interesting drawing-room entertainment is furnished by Smith and Fuller, who play upon innumerable instruments and delight the audience with a clever performance on a variety of bells made entirely of bamboo, and also on the marimba, a sweet-toned instrument better known in the Southern States than in Canada. The Donazzetti may be included among the cleverest of English acrobats and their performance on Monday night was little short of a revelation to the audience; one particularly smart piece of business by the trio being the trick in which they prove the ability of one man to jump clean through the body of another. And then Prof. Beresell is worth seeing and worthy of special mention, his rapid modeling in clay drawing forth well merited applause. Bartlett and May are clever, and Tom Mack and Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper are each amusing at their respective businesses. But perhaps the principal novelty of the show was Little Gertie, described as the mental wonder. And this little mite is properly described too. She is possibly not more than five years of age, does not know the alphabet nor the difference between the figures ten and ten thousand, and yet for fifteen or twenty minutes she is continuously employed displaying a wonderfully retentive memory. She answers one hundred Biblical questions, gives an immense number of statistics relating to the

When Katie, overcome with a knowledge of the life she is living—a husband idolizing her and the child that is not his—runs away and secretes herself in Philip's house, the gossips make a great morsel of her flight to parts unknown. But Pete, though his heart is broken, bears up bravely and gives out that she has gone for a visit to her uncle at Liverpool. Never suspecting Philip, and anxious to keep his wife's name clean in the sight of this, their mutual friend, he even practices this worthy descent upon Philip. He writes a letter purporting to come from Katie, goes to a distant part of the island and mails it to himself, sending also a little bonnet for the baby. He shows this letter to everyone, shows it to Philip up at the latter's house—Katie flying from one door as Pete comes in at another—and makes Philip write a letter at his dictation to Katie's alleged address in Liverpool. He does not want Philip to think that Katie has been false—Philip their good friend. And Katie is listening at the door. This is one of the strongest things I have seen on the stage.

When Pete comes home and claims Katie, Miss Maud Jeffries in the latter role does her best work. She is fine in that scene, and also in her appeals to Philip later on. But in her encounters with Pete she seems to me somewhat trifling—not quite realizing the tragedy of her life. When she seizes the axe with which Pete threatens to kill Philip, she does not seem aware that, though she says nothing, she really dominates public interest for the moment.

The part of Caesar Cregeen (pronounced Cregeen) as presented by Mr. Ambrose Manning, is alone sufficient to make the *Manxman* famous. The canting old hypocrite, quoting texts and practicing all uncharitableness! No better exploiting of such a character has probably ever been made. It is worth traveling a long distance to see, and it cannot be described. He is not only a text-quoter, for we have seen many such on the stage, but he is the real religious fanatic, in so far as religion can be confined to the mind and the mouth.

When his daughter comes home to throw herself on his mercy he is training the village choir to sing the hymn:

"He takes the sinner in his arms
And brings the wanderer home."

World's Fair, runs off the principal States in the union and the capital of each, together with the population of these and all the other large cities of the world, not forgetting, of course, Toronto and Hamilton, the latter place by the bye, being credited with possessing three gamblers, a policeman and a yellow dog. She also recites the names of the principal battles fought during the American war, with the dates of each, and the actual number killed; with astonishing rapidity she gives a complete list of the reigning powers of Europe and the dates of coronation; and the Presidents of the United States, dates of election, etc., besides much other statistical information imparted by this wonderful child. An amusing incident occurred the other evening. The audience were calling the names of the principal states and countries and Little Gertie was responding with the name of the capitals. Suddenly, from the upper gallery came the query: "St. John's Ward?" The child paused for a second and then shaking her tiny forefinger at the "gods" she exclaimed, "It isn't on the map." One of the best flat foot and buck dancers I remember ever seeing is found in Bert Jordan, whose "turn" has a semblance of novelty about it, in that he dances in evening dress. Fulgora, a remarkably clever lightning change artist, furnishes a fitting conclusion to the best entertainment provided by Manager Small for many a long day.

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A Romance of the Winnipeg Boom.

BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

I MET an ex-Mayor of Winnipeg the other day. I asked after a mutual friend. "Oh, he's book-keeping in a boot and shoe store now," he said. "Book-keeping?" I cried in astonishment. "Good heavens, he was worth \$400,000 at the time of the boom. How did he lose it?" "Because he was a blank fool," answered the Winnipeg magnate. "He dropped it in real estate." I reminded my Western friend that it didn't exactly become him to speak harshly of real estate speculators. He had made over \$100,000 in the same boom. "So I did, so I did," he said. "I made it for the same reason that he lost. I was a blank fool, too. We were all blank fools then."

Now I knew a fellow in Winnipeg in the old boom days who wasn't altogether a fool. He was a bank clerk. The young ladies of Ontario country towns had tried hard to convince him that he was an extraordinary young man. He wasn't. He half agreed with the feminine verdict, as bank clerks will do, played tennis in the summer and hockey in the winter, danced well, dressed well and otherwise was undistinguishable from the thousand and one other young men who in the general office struggle with an incipient mustache and an idea that they are pillars of a financial institution with a paid up capital of \$12,500,000. But he had a head on him. He must have had, for when he and his fox terrier landed in Winnipeg the boom was at its height, and though it rather took his breath away he didn't straightway buy \$5,000 worth of real estate with a \$600 deposit; he didn't resign his position in the bank and write off to every man in Ontario with whom he had a speaking acquaintance, to send him up all the money he could lay his hands on and he would make him a millionaire in two months and a half. He felt like it once and he told old Bob Gerring that if he went into a certain deal he would be let in on the ground floor. But Mr. Gerring whispered in broad Scotch through the teller wicket, "Be cannie, laddie; ye'll mainly find that when ye're left in the ground floor there's a son of a gun in the cellar," and he escaped. When nearly the whole male population were buying villa lots nine miles from the postoffice at so much per foot or selling Main street lots on a vacant quarter section called Beautiful City, to Toronto capitalists, and everybody was talking about the thousands—never hundreds—that they had made, were making, or were about to make, he balanced his cash regularly, slipped over to the Bodega for his modest sherry and bitters, dined at the Potter and schemed the rest of the evening to see a girl. That's what saved him. What vaccination is to smallpox, love, a good healthy first love, was about the only known preventive to boom fever. In this case it took. There were few unmarried ladies in Winnipeg in those days and if King street, Toronto, on a Saturday afternoon could have been emptied at the corner of Portage avenue and Main street, Winnipeg, it would have "bust" the boom inside of a week. The young lady's father, like the majority of Westerners, disagreed entirely with the Ontario country opinion of bank clerks, and when the matter had been hinted to him said in racy Manitoban, "Not by a town site," and accordingly the course of true love, like the Red River, was swift, but required ingenuity to navigate. The father was rich and as deep in real estate as a man can be without having taken the leading part in a funeral, and had an unhealthy score of men who didn't believe that Winnipeg would be larger than Chicago in four years and that the ice on Hudson Bay was never thick enough for skating purposes, and this bank clerk was sceptical as to both these articles of the boomster's creed. Well, the boom and the love affair, like the terms of a pickpocket sentence, ran concurrently. In the early spring of 1882, when the floods came and Ontario capital became more timid, men began to ask themselves the question how long is this thing going to be kept up? and as nearly everybody was carrying more Manitoba real estate than his bank account warranted or his boots were supposed to pack around, times were slippery. Winnipeg mud is proverbially sticky, and I leave it to half of Ontario if they were not stuck up there. It began to dawn on the people that there was a great disproportion between the number of sellers and the number of buyers, but they stoically shoveled the mud from their shoes and prayed for a Toronto capitalist or an Englishman. Then came the Edmonton boom, the last expiring gasp of the historic Winnipeg boom, the final act of the serio-comic play with the whole strength of the company on the stage, until with a maddening medley from the orchestra the curtain dropped amidst the mingled cheers and groans of gallery and pit. If you have "sat in" to a "little game" and held nothing higher than a miserable two pairs for three mortal hours, the chances are that there is a good deal of your money in the game, and that when you strike a modest three of a kind you must exercise a certain amount of self-control or you will be as if you had a full house on aces. Now that is human nature and it explains the Edmonton boom.

When the Hudson Bay Company first placed Edmonton lots on the market in Winnipeg, I asked one hundred dollars apiece, the bank clerk, thinking about the girl and the future, determined very sensibly that that was about the proper value at that time and it would be a good investment for a spare five hundred dollars that he had, and accordingly was one of the first purchasers of Edmonton lots, one-third cash, balance in three equal annual payments, Hudson Bay agreements, and went back to his teller's box with an agreement for fifteen several lots on Jasper avenue, Edmonton, in his pocket. At noon those lots could have been sold for two hundred dollars apiece; at four o'clock he had an appointment with the girl and didn't know that people were tumbling over each other to give three hundred and fifty dollars for them. Next day was the end of the month and he was so busy rushing through his work, in order to go to a stag party at the girl's father's that evening, that he wouldn't listen to proposals to sell at eight hundred or nine hundred dollars a lot, for by

this time it had spread throughout the city that he had fifteen of the choicest lots on Jasper avenue. Nobody knew much about them, but they thought so. He told the dozens of eager, would-be purchasers to call around to-morrow. He was busy. That evening Jasper avenue lots were held at one thousand and two thousand dollars apiece.

Of all the wild and exciting scenes of the Winnipeg real estate craze, none equalled the mad delirium of the Edmonton boom. It lasted hardly forty-eight hours, but it was the concentrated essence of the real estate gambling spirit boiled down; the last mad plunge of recklessness. It was the crisis of the fever and the boom collapsed. Nothing could survive the utter folly of an one thousand per cent, rise in the real estate of a comparatively well known village in two days.

It was the boom reduced to an absurdity. At the dinner party the bank clerk was the lion of the evening. He had made a clean \$15,000 they told him. Edmonton real estate, the return of confidence and the continuation of the boom were the all-absorbing subjects of the conversation of the joyous revelers, and the wine flowed freely. When congratulated by shrewd capitalists on his marvelous acumen and called Bob, his opinion asked and chaffed for being a "deep-in" by men who had manipulated deals in the tens of thousands, he said nothing, looked wise and watched for a chance to see the girl. In the midst of a story about a Montreal man having shown in the face of natural history that suckers will bite, he slipped up to the drawing-room and laid the state of affairs before the girl. The girl was a daughter of her father and knew when to take advantage of a rising market, and in fifteen minutes a fond but worldly old father was waylaid in the hall on his return from overseeing the decanting of a fresh relay of claret, by a girl "all teary round the lashes" and a bank clerk, then rushed into the library and had said, "Bless you, my children" before he knew whether it was the girl's tears, the Edmonton boom or the claret that had made him yield. "Wouldn't it be peculiarly appropriate"—now here is where I prove my statement that the bank clerk was no fool—"to announce our—our engagement to night in the dining-room?"

"By Jove, good idea. I will," said the father. And he did, but the bank clerk only remembers hearing 'midst the storm of congratulations and handshakings, disconcerted remarks from his host about "a father's heart," "good daughter," "young Napoleon of real estate," "a happy life," "young country," "Hub of the Universe," "illimitable possibilities," "Hudson Bay Railroad," "No. 1 hard," "sixty bushels to the acre," "glorious climate," and "never feel the cold." Next morning when the old gentleman went down town he found he could purchase a varied and assorted number of Edmonton lots for about \$105 a lot provided he paid for the conveyancing.

"That is my boom experience," said the bank clerk (he is now a manager) at one of his Sunday dinners when he gave us the details. "There"—he bowed to the other end of the table—"is my North-West investment," and, as the nurse paraded four sturdy little youngsters in dessert, "These are my profits."

Bill's Widder.

The road up the mountain was hard to climb on horseback, but when I reached the top of the gap a beautiful view was spread before me. Like a strand of twisted silver the Cumberland river was woven in and out among the trees of the valley, and far, far away the green of the forests stretched until it faded into the blue of the distant sky. After gazing on the magnificent scene for a few moments I got off my horse to fix my saddle girth, and while I was about it a mountaineer came out of the woods by the roadside.

"How are you?" said I. "Have you a piece of string that I can tie up this girth with?"

"Sorry, mister," said he, "but I hain't."

"How far is it to the nearest house? Maybe I can get it there."

"Like's not you kin. It's about half a mile down the mountain."

"Who lives there?"

"The Widder Blinkins."

"Not Sam Blinkins' widow?" I asked in astonishment, for only a week before I had met Sam down in Pineville in a timber trade.

"No. It's Bill's."

"I knew he had a brother, but I didn't know he was dead," said I, considerably relieved.

"He ain't dead," said he, grinning. "It's his grass widder."

"Oh, Bill has skipped, has he?"

"Well sorter, you may say. You see, Bill's wife owned the farm, and he kinder took it easy tell she got her dander up, and then ease he wouldn't work she tuck it into her head to pester the life outen him and keep him from inj'lin' his rest. It kep' on from bad to wuss tell at last she tuck a club and druv Bill offen the place. And Bill told her he'd be derned if he'd ever come back forever."

"When did all this happen?"

"Only just this mornin'."

"Well, I guess I had better stop there, had I?"

"In course, mister," he said urgently. "She ain't fierce to strangers."

With this assurance I started on, and as I turned in the road he called to me:

"Say, mister, won't you tell the widder that you seen Bill up in the mountain lookin' powerful lonesome?"—Detroit Free Press.

Noblesse Oblige.

"Hello, Harkaway, are you still in town? I thought you had moved out west and gone into the mining business."

"No, I didn't go. That scheme fell through."

"Then you're not going to leave us?"

"Oh, yes. I'm getting ready to move."

"Where are you going?"

"I haven't decided yet, but I've got to go somewhere, Higgins. The boys in the clubs I belong to have given me half a dozen farewell dinners, and as a gentleman and a man of my word I can't stay here any longer after that."

Chicago Tribune.

Who Are Your Ideal Lovers?

Our Correspondent puts this Question to a Number of Prominent New Yorkers.

WHO are the ideal lovers? "Many men are of many minds" truly, and no two answers to my question were quite the same. The range was a long one, from the lovers of

and Beatrice, and Petrarch and Laura sang love songs to each other, down to our own century, when Queen Victoria chose her Prince with a little bunch of violets, and Robert and Elizabeth Browning lived for each other in sunny Italy, and the Czar of all the Russias found time on his death bed to plan a birthday gift for the beautiful wife who was his sweetheart through a quarter of a century of married life. Here are the answers, as varied as the faces and the minds of the persons who gave them to me:

"You won't think that I am affecting the English, or that I do not know numbers of delightful American lovers," said Ward McAllister a little while before his death, in answer to my question, "when I tell you that, to my mind, the most perfect lovers in song or story were Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Do you remember how the story of their courtship goes? I was reading it just the other day. It was high time for the young Queen to choose her husband, and the Lord High Cham-

ber little maiden lost when she fled from the ball as the clock struck the midnight hour."

Lovely, gracious Mrs. Albert M. Palmer might just as well have given herself and her husband as her ideal lovers, for they are ideal lovers to most of the people who know them, but instead she said in her earnest fashion, "I think, without giving the matter serious thought, I would select Claude Melnotte and Pauline, in Bulwer Lytton's beautiful play, as my ideal lovers. I like Claude because he is strong and brave and true. Mr. Irving and Ellen Terry almost converted me to giving Romeo and Juliet first place in my affections, but their going off and dying in the vault was too weak for anything. If they had not done that, but had lived on happily and sensibly, they would have been ideal."

Mrs. George B. McClellan is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. She has in her beautiful home more relics and personal belongings of the Little Corporal than any woman in America, with the possible exception of Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, a cousin of the Duchess of Manchester. Mrs. McClellan says that Napoleon is her ideal lover. "Everyone has a right to one's own interpretation of the character of this wonderful man, and although mine may not be a popular choice, I am of the opinion that, for breadth and depth and pure unselfishness, I know of no love in fiction or reality which excelled that of Napoleon and Josephine each for the other."

the lovers whom she had favored with her choice, while lovely Miss Pauline Whitney chose Romeo and Juliet.

Miss Anna Leahy should be a good judge of lovers, both real and ideal. She has had most of the love affairs among the young people of the Four Hundred whispered into her willing ears, and has given the best of good counsel to all who were in doubt or perplexity for the past twenty years. She says the love of Romeo and Juliet is the most exquisite picture given upon any stage. Their love is strong and deep and everlasting, and, best of all, was founded upon honor, which, after all, is the only real love.

"Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning are my ideal lovers," said Grace Greenwood, who is Mrs. Sarah J. Lippincott. "They were thoroughly congenial, and their love was such a real thing. I saw this ideal pair of lovers in sunny Italy, and though they had been married for years, and had had the sickness and trouble which come to everyone, in their hearts was that perfect love which casts out every fear and care."

"What love in all romance or history equalled that of the late Czar of Russia for his beautiful Danish wife Dagmar?" said Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, president of Sorosis, the great woman's club. "A beautiful story of his devotion has just come to light. It seems that on every birthday the Czar placed in the Czarina's boudoir a magnificent bunch of flowers, and secreted somewhere among the roses was a case containing some beautiful jewel, selected months before. The Czarina admired a beautiful bracelet when she and the Czar were selecting jewels for their wedding gift to the then Princess Alix. After the Czar's death Dagmar's birthday came, and in her boudoir she found her flowers and among them a casket, sealed by the late Czar's own hand and containing the bracelet which she had admired almost a year before. Knowing that he could not be with her on this usually festive day, he had directed his son to place the jewel and the flowers where his mother would find them, and then to be near at hand to comfort her. These royal lovers, who shared deadly peril by day and by night, at home and abroad, were, to me, ideal lovers."

New York, Feb. 20. S. E.

Notes on Music and Drama.

Joe Murphy will make his annual visit to the Grand next week.

Henry George will draw a large crowd to Massey Hall next Friday evening, when he will deliver his great lecture on the Single Tax.

The Colonel and I will be put on at the Academy of Music next week. During the present week The Lily Clay Company has been playing a return engagement.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the famous Brooklyn divine, whose sermons reach more readers than those of any other preacher have ever done, will lecture in Massey Hall next Thursday evening.

The attractions at Duncombe's Opera House, St. Thomas, this week have been: Thomas Q. Seabrooke, February 19; Davenport Bros. & Fay, 21 and 23, and the Cosgrove Family February 22. On February 27 Katie Emmett will hold the boards.

Prof. Garner lectured before the Canadian Institute last Saturday night on Monkey Language. His theories on the subject have aroused an unusual interest in scientific circles everywhere, and the evidence he puts forward seems to be at once incredible and convincing.

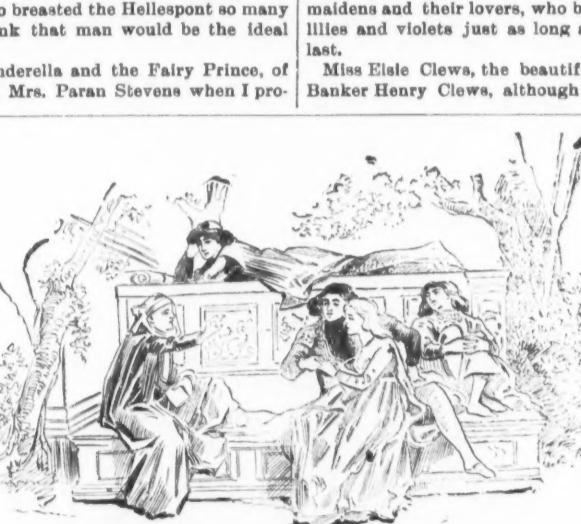
Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. have published an effective waltz, for piano, by F. J. Hatton (Mrs. Moore) of London, Ont. Like all compositions from the same pen, this work is characterized by considerable originality in its treatment and evidences of unusual talent on the part of the composer throughout. The name of the waltz, Golden Tints, is cleverly brought out on the handsomely illuminated title page.

An enjoyable harp recital by Signor Fabiani, who has recently come to reside in Toronto, was given at the Young Women's Christian Association Hall on Monday evening last. Signor Fabiani showed remarkable skill in his work, which was highly appreciated by the audience present. Assistance was rendered during the evening by Herr H. Klingenfeld, violinist, Mme. Klingenfeld and Mr. A. D. Sturrock, vocalists.

Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley's organ recital on Saturday afternoon last was, as usual, very largely attended. Mr. Blakeley has succeeded admirably in making these concerts popular events in every sense of the word. The next recital on March 16 will conclude the series for this season. As already intimated, the programme will consist entirely of compositions by Mr. Blakeley, including a number for two violins and organ and also a pastore for flute and organ.

The performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's opera H.M.S. Pinafore early this month was such a success that it will be repeated next Tuesday for the benefit of St. Matthias's Sunday school. St. Andrew's Hall will no doubt again be crowded. The cast will be: Sir Joseph Porter, Mr. F. J. Perrin; Captain Corcoran, Mr. W. Leake; Ralph Rackstraw, Mr. R. Collins; Dick Deadeye, Mr. C. G. Collett; Boatwain, Mr. J. H. Spink; Josephine, Miss Paterson; Buttercup, Miss L. Chater; Hebe, Miss Frida Morgan.

The sensation of the present musical period in the United States is Miss Ellen Beach Yaw. From several criticisms that have come under my notice Miss Yaw is accredited with a most phenomenal voice. For a singer to be able to reach E in altissimo with the greatest of ease is in itself a wonderful achievement, and one difficult to thoroughly realize. To fully demonstrate what this means I might say that it is one octave and a third above high C and five notes higher than Patti's compass. It is to be hoped that we shall have an opportunity of hearing this wonderful young lady before the close of the present concert season, although she is in such great demand that the expense of bringing her here is almost prohibitory.



Petrarch Reciting the Sonnets to Laura.

pounded my weighty question to her. "I chose them when I was a little maiden, and I have never wavered in my allegiance. Was ever a woman in such fashion won? Was there ever a lover as generous and good or a lady so fair and sweet as the fairy-tale Cinderella and the Prince who found and loved her? It is very true that little Billie worshipped Trilly's foot, but that was the real thing, rosy and dimpled and beautiful, but all that my Prince had to enthuse over and to fall in love with was the tiny glass slipper which the

perly introduced society girl, finds time with all the demands of society life to take a thorough course at Barnard College, the woman's annex of Columbia College. Miss Clews is of the opinion that Petrarch and Laura were the most perfect lovers she had ever heard of. Why? Because they were constant to each other all of their lives. Petrarch made her famous in writing to and about her, and if all he tells be true, their lives were as near perfection as is vouchsafed to mortals. Miss Vanderbilt gave Dante and Beatrice as

Short Stories Retold.

The great Frederick was very fond of snuff. He had a box of it put on every mantel-piece in the palace. One day he saw his page helping himself liberally. He said nothing then, but a little while afterward he told the boy to bring him the box. "Take a pinch," said the king; "how do you find it?" "Excellent, sire." "And the box?" "Superb, sire." "Very well," returned Frederick, "keep it, then; it does not hold enough for two."

Rogers and Luttrell were sauntering through the Louvre together, when some ladies accosted the former gentleman. A few words were exchanged, followed by formal bows, and they parted. Luttrell rejoined his friend, saying: "It is a curious thing, one of those ladies came up to me and said, 'Is your name Luttrell?'" "And was it?" said Rogers. This peculiar rejoinder conveyed a sneer—Luttrell was a natural son of Lord Carhampton—that perhaps no other than the mordant tongue of Rogers could have uttered; the only wonder is that it was forgiven.

Louis Philippe knew that Marshal Soult clung to power, and that his fall would be bitter to him. But when the time came, the future ministers, with Thiers at their head, were assembled at the Tuilleries, while in the next room Louis Philippe broke the news to Soult. The interview took a long time, and the new ministers were not without some apprehension. Finally the door was opened just enough to allow the king's queer pear-shaped head to pass, and he whispered: "A little patience, gentlemen; just a little patience—we are weeping together."

Once Mr. Gladstone had been cutting down a tree in the presence of a large concourse of people, including a number of "cheap-trippers." When the tree had fallen and the prime minister and some of his family who were with him were moving away, there was a rush for the chips. One of the trippers secured a big piece and exclaimed: "Hey, lads, when I die, this shall go in my coffin!" Then cried his wife, a shrewd, motherly old woman, with a merry twinkle in her eye: "Sam, my lad, if thou'd worship God as thou worships Gladstone, thou'd stand a better chance of going where thy chip would burn!"

The story is told of Paderevski, he of the long locks and supple fingers, that he was invited to tea by a New York millionaire. The pianist rather coldly referred his intended host to his agent. When the agent was seen the first question he asked was: "I suppose Mrs. V— will expect Paderevski to play?" "I suppose so." "Then Mr. Paderevski will accept your invitation as an engagement." "Oh, very well, if you prefer to put it that way," returned the millionaire. "What are the terms?" "Three thousand dollars for one piece and Mr. Paderevski will consent to a single encore." The terms were not accepted.

Not long ago (says a writer in the *Realm*) I was walking in the garden at Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone. "What would you do with that?" he said suddenly, pointing to a bit of newspaper lying on the lawn. "I think I'd pick it up and take it away," I answered, astonished. "Ah! Well, this is what I do with it," said Mr. Gladstone. Thereupon he placed the point of his walking-stick on the middle of the scrap of paper, twisted the stick around and around, and with much dexterity left the bit of paper in the soil and out of sight. "The Duke of Buccleuch taught me to do that," he said, as we resumed our walk; "it is good for the ground."

A recent article the irrepressible Mr. Stead boasted of enjoying a private conversation with the late Czar, "as frank and full and unrevealed as I ever held with any man." It was during a visit to St. Petersburg. As Stead had complimented Alexander in the *Pall Mall Gazette* at a time when other British papers were reviling him, the Czar was induced to favor the journalist with an interview. It was stipulated, however, that it should not last for more than fifteen minutes. At the end of that time the emperor looked at his watch and arose to indicate that the interview should cease. "But, your majesty," protested Mr. Stead, "you have not said a word." "No," said the Czar; "you haven't given me a chance."

Here are three of the latest from Scotland, selected from The Humor of the Scot by James Ingalls: An old woman was asked by her minister: "hoo her man wis the day?" She answered: "Oh, 'deed minister, he's no vera weel. Ye see, he's got a *Dissenter* in's inside." A crofter had been attacked by paralysis, and the minister of the parish, in the absence of the doctor, managed to procure him some relief by the application of a galvanic battery. Next day a neighbor asked the patient's wife how her husband was getting on. "I'm houping," she replied, "he'll sune be better. The minister's been gien him a shock w' the Calvinistic battery, an' it did him a lot o' guid!" An inspector of schools examining a class of small children put the question, "What is a widow?" The reply, "piped out" in the shrill voice of a little boy, was, "A wife wantin' a man, sir."

Once upon a time two frogs who had been living in comfort and ease in a cool pool of water were accidentally scooped up by a plough milkman in a bucket of water, which he poured into his can in order to give his milk more body and thereby increase his revenue. The frogs were astonished to find themselves in an unknown element, in which it was not possible to support life, and they had to kick vigorously in order to keep their heads above the milk. One of them, being disheartened by being shut up in the dark element entirely new to him, said, "Let's give it up and go to the bottom. It's no use kickin' any longer." The other said, "Oh, no. Let's keep kickin' as long as we can and see what the outcome will be. Maybe things will change presently." So one frog gave up and went to the bottom. The other kept kicking, and when the plough milkman got to town and opened his can, behold! the frog had kicked out a lump of butter large enough to float him, and he was sitting on it very comfortably. Moral—In hard times never give up, but keep kicking.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Forty-Fourth Annual Meeting of Shareholders.

Directors' Report and Financial Statement—The President's Address—Satisfactory Results of the Past Year's Business—The Old Board Unanimously Re-elected.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the above company was held at its offices in this city on February 14. Mr. George A. Cox, president, occupied the chair, and Mr. C. C. Foster, having been appointed to act as secretary to the meeting, read the following

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Directors beg to present herewith their annual report, showing income and expenditure of the company for the year 1894, together with profit and loss account and statement of assets and liabilities at the close of the year.

The premium income, owing mainly to general business depression and depreciation in values, shows a falling off compared with that of the preceding year, but this is more than counterbalanced by reduced losses, and the revenue account shows an excess \$111,453.47 of income over expenditure. Two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum have been declared; \$10,000 carried to reserve fund, which now amounts to \$1,100,000; and after providing an ample reinsurance reserve to meet liabilities on outstanding policies, the net surplus of the company has been increased to \$377,247.59.

Your Directors feel assured that the shareholders will have learned with deep regret of the recent loss which the company has sustained in the death of the late president, Mr. A. M. Smith, who, as a director for the past twenty-nine years, and as president since 1883, had, by his wise counsel and the active personal interest he had always taken in its affairs, contributed largely to the success of the company.

The vacancies caused by Mr. Smith's death have been filled by the election of the vice-president, Mr. George A. Cox, to the presidency; and of the managing director, Mr. J. J. Kenny, to the position of vice-president, the vacancy on the Board being filled by the appointment of Mr. J. K. Osborne as a director.

SUMMARY OF FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Total Income.....	\$2,193,873.06
Total Expenditure (including Premiums, Commission, &c., to date reported to 31st December, 1894).....	2,082,419.88
Cash Capital.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	1,100,000.00
Total Assets.....	2,873,683.92

The president, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

I am sure that I express the sentiment of every shareholder of the company when I say that the absence from the chair of one who for many years has presided over our annual gatherings and maintained such a constant oversight of the affairs of the company is a matter of sincere regret. This feeling is pain fully impressed upon us at this, the first shareholders' meeting for thirty years from which our late president has been absent. You will, I am sure, agree with me that we are fortunate in having secured for our board-room so excellent a portrait as that before you of one who has so well earned a place of honor upon its walls, and whose kindly disposition, business integrity, and blameless life have left upon the annals of our business community, and more particularly upon the minds of those intimately associated with him, a record which must afford us pleasure, as well as profit, to contemplate. Although in failing health for some time past, Mr. Smith continued to take a deep interest in the business of the company, and to fulfill the duties of his office until after the close of the year with which the report just read deals, and I feel, therefore, in presenting it that I am rendering, on his behalf, an account of the final year of his presidency, rather than submitting a report by virtue of my position to which the president has recently been added, the honor to elect me. In performing this duty my task is a comparatively light one, for the statement of the accounts of the year, which has been in the hands of shareholders for some days, is one which appears to call for no lengthened explanations, and certainly requires no words of apology at my hands. From a shareholder's point of view, and taking into account the depressed condition of general business over the entire continent during the year, it must be regarded, I think, as an eminently satisfactory statement, showing, as it does, that after paying out of the profits of the year our usual dividend of ten per cent. upon the capital, we have been able to add \$10,000 to our reserve fund; and that after providing an ample reserve for running off outstanding risks, we have made a substantial addition to our net surplus. On the whole, therefore, I say that I think we may congratulate ourselves, as well as the officers and agents of the company upon the result of the year's transactions, bearing in mind the fact that care and attention of risks and judicious application, which is so essential in times when depreciation in the value of all classes of property is liable to increase the hazard of fire underwriting. Although the report deals only with the business of 1894, I may be permitted to refer briefly to matters relating to the present year, and in this connection I may first allude to the unfortunate experience of our own city during the early part of January, when by two fires, occurring within a week of each other, property to the value of close upon one million and a half dollars, and embracing several of what were regarded as our best mercantile risks, was destroyed, involving a loss of nearly one million dollars to insurance companies. With the large interests which the "Western" has in Toronto, it is needless to say that we could not hope to escape heavy losses in such disasters; but I am pleased to inform you that our lines were so well distributed, and on the larger risks reduced by reinsurance, that our net loss by these two fires was \$37,200, an amount not sufficient to seriously affect our present large income, the average of the year's losses. As a result of these fires, the improved fire protection which has long been urgently needed in Toronto seems likely to be afforded. It will be of interest also to shareholders to know that a contract has been entered into under which we have reinsurance the Canadian business of the United Fire Insurance Company of Manchester, England, which Company has ceased doing business in the Dominion, being, in fact, now in course of liquidation. This will naturally bring some increase in the volume of our Canadian fire business, from which we have in the past derived a fair profit, and from which we feel that we may reasonably look for satisfactory results in the future.

The Vice-President seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously.

The election of Directors for the ensuing year was then proceeded with, and resulted in the unanimous re-election of the old Board, viz.: Messrs. George A. Cox, Hon. S. C. Wood, Robt. Beaty, G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P., George McMurrich, H. N. Baird, W. R. Brock, J. K. Osborne and J. J. Kenny.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held subsequently, Mr. George A. Cox was re-elected president and Mr. J. J. Kenny vice-president for the ensuing year.

An Incomplete Petition
Mamma—Flossie, did you ask God to make you a better little girl?

Flossie—I never thought of that, it took so long a time to ask him to keep you from scolding me so much.

An English Physician from the Tight Little Island.

HE IS PLEASED WITH CANADA.

Talks About Canadian People.

He Says We Have Too Many Pale and Half-dead Women.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH PAINES CELERY COMPOUND.

Thinks it is the Right Medicine for Building Up Weak and Sickly Girls and Women.

In the early part of January an English physician of high standing and considerable wealth, visited the principal cities and towns of Canada, after a tour in the United States.

He was exceedingly well pleased with what he saw of the Dominion, and spoke in glowing terms of the good nature and hospitality of our people.

When asked what he thought of Canadians from a physiological point of view he replied:

"Taken as a whole you have a fine, sturdy population; but there is room for improvement. I have seen splendid specimens of mankind, your women generally look healthy and vigorous, but you have too many who are pale, listless and half-dead looking, such as I have met in the United States.

"Oh, yes! I know something about Paine's Celery Compound: I have used it occasionally myself, and know of its being used in England. I have recommended it to pale, weak and rundown women and girls in England, and it has produced very satisfactory and pleasing results. From what I know of the formula of Paine's Celery Compound, I have no hesitation, as a physician, in prescribing it in cases of general debility, dyspepsia, nervous affections, kidney and liver complaints and general weakness.

"Your pale, weak and half-dead women and girls have a true life-building agent in Paine's Celery Compound. There is no other preparation I know of that is so well adapted for the troubles of weak females.

"I am pleased to know that Paine's Celery Compound is so popular in your midst; it really deserves every line of praise now received from the public."

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Geographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MAUD.—This is rather an undecided specimen, lacking the force and decision of a settled character. A good deal of enterprise, imagination and some ambition, with a hint of ability, lacking culture and concentration, are shown.

DUCHESS.—Your grace should not confess your foolishness. A watched pot never boils. If you look too hard for the fair-haired man the fortune teller promised, he'll never come. Your writing is quite too crude for definiteness.

ADAM.—This is rather an undecided specimen, lacking the force and decision of a settled character. A good deal of enterprise, imagination and some ambition, with a hint of ability, lacking culture and concentration, are shown.

CHUM.—This elegant *nom de plume* has served several times. I hope you will identify your proper study. You are very lacking in judgment and sense of proportion, also of decidedly practical nature, fond of yourself, honest and

selfish. A watchful eye is needed to keep you from being a bore.

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A Model Short Story.

The Lady With the White Fan.

Anatole France in the Brooklyn Times.

Tchouang Tseen of Soung was a man of let-ters who had cultivated a philosophical spirit to the exclusion of all material things. He had had the conscience to escape the common errors of men, who agitate themselves in acquiring useless riches or vain honors. His satisfaction must have been profound, for after his death he was proclaimed happy and worthy of envy. Now, during the days which the unknown spirits accorded him to spend under a green sky, among blossoming trees, under graceful willows and bamboos, Tchouang-Tseen was accustomed to take long walks in the country where he could dream and think at ease.

One day, as he wandered on the flowery slopes of the mountain Nam-Hoa, he found himself unconsciously in the middle of a cemetery, where the dead were lying, according to the custom of the country, under hillocks of beaten earth. At the sight of the innumerable graves, which extended towards the horizon, the learned man meditated upon the destiny of man.

"Alas," said he, "here is the place where all the roads of life end. When one has once taken his place in the home of the dead one never returns." As he walked his thoughts centered on the tombs. He suddenly saw a young woman dressed in mourning, that is, a long seamless robe of coarse, heavy white material. Seated beside a grave, she waved backward and forward over the fresh earth of the funeral mound a large white fan.

Curious to know the motive of such a strange action, Tchouang-Tseen saluted the young woman politely:

"Dear I ask, madame, who is interred in this tomb, and why you give yourself so much trouble to fan the ground which covers who-ever it is? I am a philosopher. I seek reasons for things, and here is a reason which escapes me."

The young woman continued to wave her fan. She blushed, lowered her head, and murmured several words that the sage did not hear. He renewed his question several times, but in vain. The young woman paid no further attention to him, and it seemed as though her soul was centered in the hand which wielded her fan.

Tchouang-Tseen walked away regretfully. Although he recognized that all is vanity, he was by nature inclined to seek for the motives of human actions, and particularly those of women. This species of little beings inspired him with a malicious, but very lively curiosity. He continued his promenade slowly, occasionally turning his head to see the fan, which continued to beat the air like a great butterfly, when all at once an old woman, whom he had not perceived before, made a sign to him to follow her. She led him into the shadow of a higher mound than the others and said:

"I hear you ask my mistress a question which she did not answer. But I will satisfy your curiosity from a natural desire to oblige you, and in the hope that you will be kind enough to give me enough money to buy from the priests a magic paper to prolong my life."

Tchouang-Tseen took a coin from his purse and the old woman said: "The lady whom you saw at yonder tomb is Mme. Lu, the widow of a learned man, named Tao, who died a fortnight ago, after a long illness, and the tomb is that of her husband. They loved each other tenderly. Even when dying, M. Tao could not reconcile himself to part from her, and the thought of leaving her in the bloom of her youth and beauty was insupportable. He, however, resigned himself, for he was of a gentle disposition and his soul willingly submitted himself to necessity. Weeping at his bedside, which she had not left during his illness, Mme. Lu swore to the gods that she would not survive him, and that she would share his coffin even as she had shared his couch.

"But M. Tao said to her:

"Madame, do not swear that."

"At least," replied she, "if I must not follow you, if I am condemned by the gods to see the light of day when you no longer can see it, know that I will never become the wife of another, and that I shall have but one husband, even as I have but one soul."

"But M. Tao said to her:

"Madame, do not swear that."

"Oh! Monsieur Tao, Monsieur Tao! Let me swear then that for five years at the least I will not re-marry."

"But M. Tao said to her:

"Madame, do not swear that; swear only to guard my memory until the earth on my tomb is dry."

Mme. Tao took an oath and the good M. Tao closed his eyes, never again to re-open them. Mme. Tao's despair was inconceivable. Her eyes were devoured by hot tears. She tore her porcelain cheeks with her little nails, which were as sharp as knives. But every thing comes to an end, and this passion of grief exhausted itself. Three days after the death of M. Tao, Mme. Tao's grief became more human. She learned that a young disciple of her husband desired to see her and share her grief. She felt that under the circumstances she could hardly refuse to see him. She received him sighing dolorously. The young man was very distingue and of fine figure. He spoke a little of M. Tao and much of her. He told her she was charming, that he felt that he loved her already. She allowed him to say it. He promised to return. In awaiting his return, Mme. Tao, seated beside her husband's grave, where you saw her, spends the day drying the earth of the mound with the wind from her fan."

Dooley Has the Grip.

AN INCIDENT AT MCGUIRE'S WAKE. Mr. Dooley was discovered masking a seasonable beverage consisting of one part syrup, two parts quinine and fifteen parts strong water. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. McKenna. "I have th' lab gr-rip," said Mr. Dooley, blowing his nose and wiping his eyes. "Bad cess to it! Oh, my poor back! It feels as if a th-ray had r-run over it. Did ye ever have it? Ye did not. Well, ye'r lucky. Ye'r a lucky man. I want to McGuire's wake las' week. They

give him a decent send-off. No porther. An' himself looked natural—as fine a corpse as ever Gavin laid out. Gavin tould me as himself. He was as pr-round iv McGuire as if he owned him; fetched half th' town in to look at him an' give every wan iv them his ca-ards. He near frightened ol' man Dugan into a faint. "Mister Dugan, how old a-are ye?" "Slyv-five, thanks be," says Dugan. "Thin," says Gavin, "take wan iv me ca-ards, he says. 'I hope ye'll not forget me,' he says.

"Twas there I got th' lab grip. Lastways 'tis me opinion iv it, though th' docther says I swallowed a bug. It don't seem right, Jawn, iv th' McGuires is a clane fam'ly, but th' docther says a bug got into me system. 'What sort iv bug?' says I. 'A lab grip bug,' he says. 'Ye have Mickrobes in ye'r lung,' he says. 'What's thim?' says I. 'Thim's th' lab grip bugs,' says he. 'Ye took wan in an' warmed it,' he says, 'an' it has grown an' multiplied till ye'r system does be full iv thim,' he says, 'millions iv thim,' he says, 'ma-archin' an' counthermarchin' through ye.' 'Glory be to th' saints,' says I. 'Had I better swallow some insect powder?' I says. 'Some iv thim in me head has had a fallin' out an' is throwin' bricks.' 'Foolish man,' says he. 'Go to bed,' he says, 'an' leave them alone,' he says. 'Whin they find who they're in,' he says, 'they'll quite ye.'

"So I wint to bed an' waited, while th' Mickrobes had fun with me. Mondah all iv them was quiet but thim in me stummkick. They stayed up late dhrinkin' an' carousin' an' dancin' jigs till wurr-rads come up bechune th' Kerry Mickrobes an' them fr'n Wixford, an' th' whole pa-arty wint over to me lift lung, where they could git th' air, an' had it out. Th' nex' day th' little Mickrobes made a toboggan slide iv me spine an' manetone some Mickrobes that was wurr-rkin' fr'r th' tillphone company got in their heads that me legs was poies, an' put on their spikes an' climbed all night long.

"They was tired out th' nex' day till about 5 o'clock, when thim that was in me head begin flushin' out th' rooms an' I knew they're was goin' to be doings in the top flat. What did them Mickrobes in me head do but invite all th' other Mickrobes in fr'r th' avnin'. They all come. Oh, by gar, they was not wan iv them stayed away. At six o'clock they begun to move fr'm me shins to me throat. They come in platoons an' squads an' dhrays. Some iv them brought along brass bands an' more thin wan hundred thousand iv them dhray through me pipes in dhrays. A throlley line was started up me back and ivy car r-run into a wagon-load iv scrap iron at th' base iv me skull.

"Th' Mickrobes in me head must've done themselves proud. Every few minutes some wan iv th' kids'd be sittin' out with th' can an' I'd say to meself: 'There they go, carryin' th' thrade to Schwartzmeister's because I'm sick an' can't wait on thim.' I was daffy, Jawn, dy'e mind. Th' likes iv me fillin' a pitcher fr'r a little boy-bug! Ho, ho! Such dhrreams. An' they had a game iv forty-fives an' there was wan Mickrobes there that learned to play the game in th' County Tip-prary, where it's played on stone, an' ivy time he led thrumps he'd like to knock me head off. 'Who's thrik' is that?' says th' Tipperry Mickrobes. 'Th' mine,' says a little red-headed Mickrobe fr'm th' County Roscommon. They tipped over th' chairs an' tables, an' in less time thin it takes to tell th' whole pa-arty was at it. They'd be hurlin' game in th' back iv me skull an' th' young folks was dancin' breakdowns an' havin' leppin' matches in me forehead, but they all stopped to mix in. Oh, 'twas a grand shindig—tin millions iv them min, women an' childern, dhrinkin' an' hurlin' sticks, clubs, handbats an' beer kags flyin' in th' air. How many iv them was kill I'll never know, fr'r I wint as daff as a hen an' dhrainet iv organizin' a Mickrobe Campaign club, that'd sweep th' prim'ries an' maybe go across an' free Ireland. Whin I woke up me legs was as weak as day old bubs an' my poor head impt, as a cobbler's purse. I want no more iv them. Give me anny bug fr'm a cockroach to an aigle save an' except thim wist iv Ireland fenians—th' Mick-robbe."—Chicago Post.

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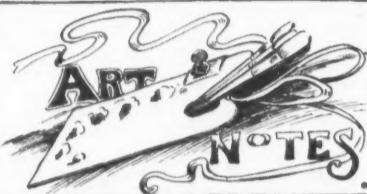
A Woman's Rescue.

An Interesting Story From Paris Station.

Suffered for Six Years from Nervous Headaches, Dizziness and General Debility—Physicians and Many Remedies Failed to Help Her—How Relief and Cure was at Last Found

From the Paris (Ost.) Review.

So many remarkable stories are published of persons who have been most brought back to life, that the public might almost be excused if they were a trifle skeptical. So far, however, as those relating to cures brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are concerned there appears to be no reason to doubt their entire truthfulness. The cases reported are carefully investigated and vouched for by newspapers that would discredit themselves were they to distort facts that can be easily investigated by any of their readers. Besides, there are but few localities in the Dominion where this grand healer of the sick has not made itself felt, and the people having proof of its virtues near at home, are quite prepared to accept the statements made as to the use of Pink Pills in other localities. The Review has heard of much good accomplished by the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this locality, but has recently learned of a case at Paris Station which is of sufficient importance to give the full details for the benefit of all. It may prove to others. The case alluded to is that of Mrs. E. H. Skinner, who is esteemed by a wide circle of acquaintances. To a representative of the Review, Mrs. Skinner said she had been for a long time a great sufferer. Her blood had become thin and watery, bringing about a weakness amounting almost to a collapse. There were numerous distressing symptoms, such as dizziness, severe headaches, palpitation of the heart, etc. "I have been ill," said Mrs. Skinner to the Review, "for about six years, and you can form an idea of what I suffered during that time. I had the advice and treatment of some excellent physicians, but without any benefit. I may say that during the six years I was ill I was treated by four different doctors in Bradford and one in Paris, but they seemed not to be able to do anything for me. When the physicians failed I tried many different widely-advertised remedies, but with no better results. All this, you will readily understand, cost a great deal of money, and as I derived no benefit, it is not to be wondered that I was completely disengaged. I found myself continually growing weaker, and unable to go about, and had almost given up all hope of becoming better. And yet one never wholly despairs, for seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so strongly recommended in the press I determined to try them, and you can see by my condition to-day how much reason I have to be thankful that I did so. I had not been taking Pink Pills long when for the first time in six years I found myself improving. Gradually the troubles that had made my life miserable disappeared: new blood appeared to be coursing through my veins, and I again a healthy woman, and have no hesitation in saying that I believe I owe, not only my recovery, but my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Mrs. Skinner said her husband was also much run down with hard work, but after using Pink Pills feels like a new man. The statements made by Mrs. Skinner prove the unequalled merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as there are thousands of women throughout the country similarly troubled, her story of renewed health will point to them the remedy which will prove equally efficacious in their cases. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are also a specific in locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, the after effects of la grippe, etc. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.



Mr. W. A. Sherwood has just completed a portrait of the late Mrs. G. M. Miller, the few who have been privileged to see this work highly praise its coloring.

Mr. Wylie Grier is to lecture this afternoon, February 23, on Portraits and Portrait Painters in the University.

A movement is on foot in the Lotos Club of New York to found a fund for the encouragement of American art. The object of this fund is stated to be the purchase of one or more pictures, painted at home by American artists, and exhibited at the spring exhibition of 1895 of the National Academy of Design, in New York. The paintings thus purchased are to be selected jointly by a jury of the Academy and the art committee of the Lotos Club, and will become the property of the Club. This is a very good way to awaken a fresh interest in American art, and we are sure it will prove, as intended, an encouragement to artists, who have had a pretty rough time of it for several seasons past.

It has been suggested that it is quite probable that in Toronto and its vicinity, or possibly drawing from a larger field if necessary, there are numbers of family portraits of both interest and value that would form a good loan collection. Most of these have been painted in

the Old Country and brought out, of course, by those to whom they belong. The success of the late portrait exhibition of fair women in New York brought up the subject, and without limiting the collection to "fair women" or old paintings, quite a large exhibition might be made which would be quite as successful as the New York one, artistically and financially.

Government House by their Excellencies during his stay in Ottawa. He returned to Toronto on Tuesday. LYNNE C. DOYLE.

An Artist's Joke.

"A feat attributed to many eminent artists of painting on a plain surface a fly or bee so illusively true to nature that the innocent observer would attempt to brush it away, is not so difficult as is generally supposed," remarked a painter of still life. "The art lies in making the insect stand out from the background. Not long ago a patron brought me a half dozen saucers and a card, upon which was pinned a house centipede, or "thousand legs" requesting me to copy it exactly upon each of the saucers, so that the base of the cup would cover it. I did so without expressing any curiosity.

"Afterward he told me that he had given a little tea party, and without the knowledge of his wife had substituted the painted saucers for the plain ones. His amusement consisted in observing the horrified expression on the faces of the guests when they raised their cups and the quickness with which they put them down again to keep the monster imprisoned. It was only when the hostess noticed that none of the guests drank their tea that the deception was discovered."—North-West Magazine.

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Music.

FTER the blood and thunder of the one-act operatic productions of recent years in Europe, Humperdinck's remarkable fairy opera, *Haensel and Gretel*, is being welcomed by the critical world of Germany and England as the forerunner of a new and superior class of works which it is hoped may revolutionize matters and prove a healthy stimulus to true progress in the future. This new work was produced in forty towns of Germany last year and has already made a rich man of its composer. It is said that so much importance is being attached to Humperdinck's work in the Fatherland that the Emperor has caused a special arrangement to be entered into between the Frankfort composers and the authorities of the Royal Opera, Berlin, whereby the first performances of all possible future operas from the same pen are secured for the Imperial city. Many writers are finding in Humperdinck's remarkable success a parallel to the triumph of Von Weber nearly seventy-five years ago, when the influence of Spontini throughout Germany was paramount and native work for the time being seemed doomed, until the production of *Der Freyheit* turned the tables and marked the beginning of a new epoch. *Haensel and Gretel* seems to be winning favor in England in a manner scarcely less emphatic than the triumph accorded it in Germany. The *Musical Times*, one of the most conservative and reliable of English musical journals, speaks as follows concerning the music of the opera: "With regard to the music of the work, it combines geniality, humor, tunefulness with dramatic power, mastery of form, counterpoint, harmony and orchestration to an extent that almost justifies us in calling the composer 'a latter-day Haydn.' Like that great master, Herr Humperdinck has drawn largely upon the phrasology of folk-song for his themes, and like Haydn he develops them with an economy and ingenuity that reveal the true artist, who from every little seed of melody knows how to extract flowers innumerable." The future work of the new star in the firmament of operatic composition will be watched with interest throughout the musical world. As a matter of course his methods are based upon Wagnerian lines, the music being "continuous" and the orchestration, so we are informed, masterly in the extreme.

The music hall of the College of Music was the scene of a very successful piano recital on Tuesday evening of last week, when Mrs. Fred Lee, pupil of Mr. H. M. Field, presented a programme of music in most artistic manner, her playing being marked by all the excellent qualities in style, technique and interpretation generally which have frequently been noted in this column. The programme included Beethoven's Variations, op. 34; Gade's Novelllette, op. 29; Mendelssohn's E minor Scherzo; Raff's Rigaudon; Liszt's transcription of Mendelssohn's Auf Fluegeln Des Gesanges; Liszt's Etude in F minor and Chopin's Concerto in F minor (Larghetto and Allegro) with orchestral parts on second piano. The manner in which this exacting programme was played furnished a striking example of what may be accomplished when natural talent on the part of a performer is supported by methods based upon thorough knowledge of technical details of tone production, phrasing, the development of flexibility and velocity, and other points upon which all progressive piano teachers are now expected to be informed. Several interesting vocal numbers were contributed by pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. Miss Edna Idle sang Mozart's O Dolce Concerto and Schubert's Hark! Hark! the Lark. Sullivan's The Lost Chord was sung by Miss Gertrude Black; Keillie's popular ballad, Douglas Gordon, was rendered by Mrs. F. H. Herbert, and Miss Theresa Tymon sang Stahl's Recit. and Valse from the Sea King. The vocal numbers, it is needless to say, were rendered in a manner characteristic of the good work of Miss Reynolds' pupils generally and were a fitting support to the excellence of the piano playing. Mrs. Lee was assisted in Gade's Novelllette (trio) by Mrs. Adamson, violinist, and Herr Ruth, cellist. Master Albert Jordan also assisted at the organ in the accompaniment to one of the songs.

A letter of congratulation in connection with Miss Reynolds' services at the recent concert in Broadway Hall in aid of St. Phillip's church has been received by that lady from the church wardens. A tangible evidence of appreciation in the form of a cheque was also enclosed.

The specification of the new organ erected by Messrs. Lye & Sons for St. Phillip's church, Spadina avenue, is as follows: GREAT ORGAN.—(1) Open Diapason, 8 ft.; (2) Dulciana, 8 ft.; (3) Clarabella, 8 ft.; (4) Stptl Diap. Bass, 8 ft.; (5) Doppel Floete, 8 ft.; (6) Principal, 4 ft.; (7) Fifteenth, 2 ft. SWELL ORGAN.—(8) Open Diapason, 8 ft.; (9) Viol de Gamba, 8 ft.; (10) Stptl. Diap, 8 ft.; (11) Octave, 4 ft.; (12) Piccolo, 2 ft.; (13) Oboe and Bassoon, 8 ft. PEAL ORGAN.—(14) Bourdon, 16 ft. COUPLERS, ETC.—Swell to Great; Swell to Pedals; Great to Pedals; Tremolo pedal to Swell organ; Balance Swell pedal. Two combination pedals to Great organ. The Bellows, which are placed in the basement of the church, are operated by a Jaques, New York, hydraulic motor. Space has been provided for the following stops, which can be added at some future time: Great organ, Twelfth and Clarionette; Swell organ, Bourdon, 16 ft. and Mixture, two ranks; Pedal organ, Double Open Diapason, 16 ft.

The first concert of the series of three to be given by the Yunck String Quartette of Detroit, will take place on March 4. These concerts are under the auspices of the Women's Residence and Women's Literary Association of the University of Toronto. Herr Heberlein, the cellist of the organization, is pronounced by eminent critics as one of the greatest cellists who has ever visited America. Herr Martesu, the celebrated violinist, says of him: "I have met only a few artists like Herr Heberlein. He is one of the best cellists I know, and that ever came to America. It is to be wished that the attention of the musical world of this country will recognize his ability in full

justice, as he is deserving of the highest consideration." These interesting chamber concerts will be held in the theater of the Normal School by kind permission of the Honorable the Minister of Education.

The fifth of the special series of twelve piano recitals by pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher was held on Thursday evening of last week in the Conservatory Music Hall. The audience was large and enthusiastic and the programme was carried out in a manner most creditable to all concerned. Miss Edith A. Burson and Miss H. Ethel Shepherd were the solo pianists, and contributed the following numbers respectively: Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata—Assai Allegro; Air de Ballet, Moszkowski; Etude Op. 10, No. 2, Chopin; Waltz Caprice in E flat, Rubinsteins; Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, Andante Con Moto, Allegro and Presto; (a) Fern, (b) Zu Zwei, (c) Frohe Kunde, Raff; and Spinerlied, Wagner-Lieszt. Mendelssohn's Rondo Brillante Op. 29, for two pianos, was rendered with Miss Burson and Miss Shepherd at the first and second pianos respectively. The programme was made further interesting through the assistance of Mrs. J. Wilson-Lawrence, the well known soprano soloist; Miss Jessie F. Caswell, Miss Bella Kerr, vocalists, and Miss Lillian Norman, violinist. The sixth recital of this series will be given on February 28 by Miss Bella Geddes, F. T. C. M.

The Ambitious City of Hamilton has been subjected to considerable scornful reproach of recent years, on account of an assumed lack of musical activity among the mountaineers. The finger of scorn has been pointed at the city because, forsooth, as a Hamilton correspondent remarks, "No oratorio has been 'executed' within its borders for some time past, and because no grand opera, wrested with by well meaning amateurs, has to be endured by its unsuspecting citizens periodically." I feel myself well within the mark, however, when I say that no city in the province can show a higher state of musical culture, generally speaking, than Hamilton. True, there is an absence of swagger and bluster about the average Hamiltonian musician which is not calculated to spread the city's musical renown abroad with undue rapidity, yet some of our most capable Canadian musicians are residents of the Ambitious City, and among them a leading position will readily be accorded Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, B.A., principal of the Hamilton School of Music and organist of the Central Presbyterian church, which contains an exceptionally fine pipe organ. Mr. Aldous has been appearing with much success recently in the role of a composer of comic opera, having furnished the music for Miss Jean McIlwraith's libretto of *Pygmalion*. This opera received its first presentation on Friday evening of last week at the Grand Opera House, Hamilton, and was repeated on Saturday afternoon and evening. At all three performances the theater was crowded and the audiences were most enthusiastic in their expressions of appreciation of the excellence of the work. The opera is throughout thoroughly Canadian in sentiment. The setting of the piece, I am informed, was exceedingly good and the solos and choruses were rendered in a style and with a vigor quite unusual in amateur performances. The music is bright and pretty and the score generally does great credit to Mr. Aldous. Following is the cast of characters with names of soloists:

Maple Leaf..... Mrs. Zimmerman
Trillium..... Mrs. Campbell
Blue Bells..... Mrs. Aldous
Heptaxis..... Mrs. Lauder
Letty Salad..... Miss J. Pilke
Oyster Party..... Miss Edna Mason
Charlotte Rose..... Miss B. Walker
Pharolgan..... Wilfred Lucas
Bob's Luck..... Valter H. Robinson
Dick Cleas..... John D. Laidlaw
Robie..... A. G. Alexander
Ghislard..... Wm. F. Robinson
Walskjan..... F. A. Powis
Aloeste..... Leslie Birch
Corbeau..... J. Kerr

The stage director, Mr. Wilfred Lucas, earned much praise for the effective manner in which the piece was mounted. A special feature of the performance was the dancing of Miss Beatrice Walker. The proceeds of the performances go to the Ladies' Benevolent Society of Hamilton.

Next Tuesday evening the orchestra of the Church of the Redeemer, assisted by the choir of the church, will give a concert in the schoolroom, corner Avenue road and Bloor street. The orchestral numbers include Mozart's Overture La Nozze de Figaro, and among the unaccompanied choruses by the choir are Gounod's anthem Send Out Thy Light, and the part-song, The Bell of St. Michael's Tower, by Stewart. Mrs. Fred W. Lee, pupil of Mr. Harry Field, will play a piano solo, and Mr. A. E. Semple a flute solo. Mozart's Clarinet Quintette with string quartette accompaniment will be played by Mr. Wm. J. Robinson, clarinet soloist of the 13th Batt. Band of Hamilton. Mrs. Willson-Lawrence will sing O Loving Heart by Gottschalk, and Mr. J. W. H. Musson will sing Schumann's Two Grenadiers. The choirmaster, Mr. W. Robinson, and Mr. Fred W. Lee will sing the duet Excelsior by Baile. Such a programme as the above merits most liberal patronage.

The new pipe organ, erected by Messrs. Lye & Sons for St. Phillip's church, Spadina avenue, was formally opened by a service of praise and organ recital on Wednesday evening of last week in the presence of a large audience. Mr. E. R. Doward officiated as organist and vocal solos were rendered by Miss Alice Klingner, Mr. E. Lye and Mr. G. McIntyre. An address on the subject of Praise was delivered by the rector of the church, and several choruses, etc., were rendered by the efficient choir of St. Phillip's under the direction of the organist and choirmaster, Mr. John H. Renwick. The programme was admirably carried out and gave the greatest satisfaction to those present. The soloists all acquitted themselves with credit and the fine tone and appearance of the new organ was the subject of much favorable comment during the evening by connoisseurs in organ structure. A feature of the service was the excellent work of Mr. Renwick's choir, which, under his energetic direction and talented guidance, has de-

veloped into one of the very best church choirs in the western part of the city. I have had several opportunities during the past few years of noting the results of Mr. Renwick's efforts as a choirmaster and have been struck with the earnestness and thoroughness of his work at all times. St. Phillip's is to be congratulated on its present musical arrangements.

Piano recitals will be given in St. George's Hall on March 14 and 28 by Miss Topping and Miss Marshall respectively, two of Mr. H. M. Field's most talented pupils. Further details will be announced at a later date.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the well known solo pianist, will be heard in a piano recital at some early date.

Subscribers for the Thomas Orchestra concert on March 22 are entering their names in large numbers at Nordheimer's. As this will probably be the only orchestral concert of any importance this season, it will doubtless be patronized largely, as it deserves to be.

Gaul's Una will, I am informed, be the seventeenth cantata brought out in Toronto under Mr. Trottong's direction, in addition to fifteen oratorios, to which may be added a list of miscellaneous instrumental and concerted compositions. That a cosmopolitan spirit has animated the selection is evident from the fact that amongst the composers whose works have been drawn upon are to be found the following names: Mozart, Handel, Cherubini, Beethoven, Haydn, Romberg, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, Wagner, Verdi, Bruch, Gounod, Sullivan, Gaul, Liszt, Rubinsteins, Ardit, Plisutti and many others.

A number of excellent concerts have been given during the past week at which many of our foremost Canadian artists have assisted. To give a detailed notice of each event would be impossible in view of the demands upon my limited space this week. It will suffice, however, to say that the work of the soloists generally was characterized by those qualities of excellence which have been frequently noted in SATURDAY NIGHT concerning their performances on previous occasions. One of the best of these concerts was that given on Thursday evening of last week at the auspices of the Canadian order of Home Circles in Massey Hall, at which the following talent took part: Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. Edward Stouffer, Signor Dinelli and the D'Alessandro Orchestra. On Tuesday evening last the city lodges of the A. O. U. W. held their annual concert, also in Massey Hall, when the following names appeared on the programme: Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Agnes Forbes, Miss Annie Louise White, Mrs. H. M. Blight, and Messrs. Pier Delasco, Harold Jarvis, Sim Fax and Harry Rich. On the same evening a very enjoyable concert was given by the choir of All Saints church, under Mr. Fairclough's direction, assisted by Miss Elsa Idle, soprano, and Miss Stonier, violinist. Choruses and part-songs by the choir, with a well arranged list of solos, quartettes, etc., made up a very interesting programme which was thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

Gaul's Una, one of the most important works from the pen of this most popular English master, is spoken of as a composition of unusual merit, appealing at once to the musician, on account of its scholarly treatment and development, and to the masses by reason of its brightness and spontaneity. The production of this work on March 7, by the Festival Chorus, should prove one of the most attractive musical events of the season. MODERATO.

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MISS FANNIE SULLIVAN

Graduate of Toronto College of Music

Concert Pianist and Accompanist

Choir Director of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and

teacher of the Piano at the Toronto College of Music.

Concert engagements and pupils accepted.

Address—1062 Parliament Street, or

Telephone 1062. The Toronto College of Music.

MISS CHARLES E. MUSGRAVE

Pianist

Open for engagements for Concert, Balls, Engagements,

Parties, etc.

99 Nassau Street, Toronto

Or, Whaley, Royce & Co., 185 Yonge St.

MISS MCARROLL

Teacher of Harmony and Counterpoint

AT THE

Toronto Conservatory of Music and Bishop Strachan School,

will receive private pupils in the above branches,

also in Piano Playing, at her Studio, 14 St. Joseph St.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Bolte gave dinners on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Mrs. Grand of Brunswick avenue gave a tea on Wednesday.

Mrs. John I. Davidson entertained on St. Valentine's evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wragge gave a dinner last evening.

Mrs. Temple of Simcoe street gave a couple of dinners on Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. DuMoulin gave a small luncheon on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mara gave a family dinner on Thursday evening.

The graduate class of '95, Ontario College of Pharmacy, will have a dinner at the Rossin House on the evening of Friday, March 1. Mr. Newton H. Brown is president and Mr. J. A. Graham secretary.

A brilliant and successful evening party was given by Misses Kemp and Small at the residence of the latter, 9 Moss Park, on Monday evening. The young ladies were much praised for the manner in which they performed the arduous duties connected with their first reception. The gowns were beautiful, combining a richness of texture and a pleasing variety in color.

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TORONTO OPERA HOUSE

MATINEES—Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday—MATINEES

One Week, Commencing Monday, Feb. 25

Engagement of the Popular Melo-Dramatic Actor

JAMES. H. WALICK

In His Greatest Success, as Played by Him over 3,200 times

The Bandit King

Introducing His Famous Acting Horses

"RAIDER," "TEXAS" & "PETE"

renewed than in any former year; and the Directors have had no difficulty in obtaining new money at a lower rate to replace any debentures which were not renewed.

The total amount of moneys entrusted to the Company by British and Canadian investors is now \$4,190,195.24.

The Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account, together with the Auditors' Report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN,
President.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS.

Liabilities.

To Shareholders—Capital stock.....\$1,570,000.00
Reserve Fund.....720,000.00
Contingent Accounts.....70,445.90
Dividend, payable January 8, 1895.....75,000.00

To the public—Debentures and Interest.....\$8,450,300.81
Deposits.....1,020,892.43

Sundry Accounts, including Coupons outstanding.....578.90

Assets.....\$6,896,218.04

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Cost of management, viz.: Salaries, rent, inspection and valuation, office expenses, legal, branch office, agents' commissions, advertising, fees, etc. \$8,52,046.61

Directors' compensation.....3,610.00

Interest on deposits.....42,343.23

Interest on debentures.....139,604.83

Net profit for year applied as follows:

Dividends and tax thereon.....\$152,386.41

Carried to contingent account.....19,811.39

Interest on mortgages and debentures, rent, etc. \$400,802.47

WALTER S. LEE,
Managing Director.

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Managing Director.

TO TORONTO, 8th February, 1895.

To the Shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company:

GENTLEMEN.—We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company for the year ending 31st December, 1894, and certify that the annexed statements of assets and liabilities, and profit and loss are correct, and show the true position of the company's affairs.

Every mortgage and debenture or other security has been compared with the books of the company. They are correct and correspond in all respects with the schedules and ledgers. The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS,
FRED. J. MENET,
WM. E. WATSON, F.C.A.
Auditors.

The retiring directors were re-elected, viz.: Messrs. George Gooderham, Alfred Gooderham, George W. Lawrence and Walter S. Lee. These gentlemen, with the Hon. G. W. Allan, Sir David Macpherson and Thomas H. Lee, Esq., constitute the full board.

At a meeting of the board held subsequently the Hon. G. W. Allan was re-elected president and Mr. George Gooderham vice-president.

Mr. Claude H. B. Armstrong, teller of the Dominion Bank, Belleville, was banqueted by his friends in that city on Friday evening, February 15. Mr. Armstrong is leaving Belleville to assume the position of teller in the Queen street west branch of the Dominion Bank. A more popular bank clerk than Mr. Armstrong never left Belleville. He was foremost in musical and sporting circles as well as a general favorite in society and the business community. Mr. H. Corby, M.P., presided at the banquet, which was attended by all the leading legal and mercantile lights of the place, as well as representatives

PIANOS

Our Business
Is making
Upright
PIANOS

We solicit for them the
critical examination of
the music-loving public.

Our productions of the present
season are the finest we have
ever offered.

Unpurchased Pre eminence
Establish them as unequalled
in Tone, Touch, Workmanship
and Durability.

Heintzman & Co.
117 King St. West, TORONTO

Social and Personal.

On Friday night, February 15, "B" Company and Bugle Band of the Queen's Own were given a grand complimentary sleighing party and dinner by Major Pellatt. Two large vans, with two teams on each, filled with the band and noisy boys, and the officers in another rig, left Major Pellatt's office at 7.30 and proceeded to Boston's Hall, East Toronto, where an excellent dinner was served to over sixty. Major H. M. Pellatt, after a few remarks, proposed the first toast, The Queen, which was heartily responded to. A number of other toasts were proposed and replied to by Major Pellatt, Lieut. Palmer, Color-Sergt. Cooper, Color-Sergt. George Creighton, Sergeants Allum, Hopwood and Cramp. The company then adjourned to the hall upstairs, where a miscellaneous programme, consisting of music, dancing, songs, dialogues, etc., was rendered. "B" Company is greatly indebted to Major H. M. Pellatt for the entertainment.

Mr. Evelyn Denison has bought a fruit farm near Grimsby, and with his family will remove from Toronto shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Gundy have returned from their trip to Europe and will receive on Friday and Saturday, March 1 and 2, from four to seven and eight to eleven p.m. at 345 Euclid avenue.

The sixth annual ball and supper of the employees of Messrs. R. S. Williams & Son was held at the piano factory, Oshawa, on Friday, February 15, and was a great success. Including the spectators there must have been fully one thousand people present, the neighboring towns contributing largely. A fine Toronto

REDUCED



PURE & SURE

THE FAMOUS
Old Port Wine



"STANDS WITHOUT A PEER"

On sale at Michie & Co.'s, J. C. Moore's, Lockhart & Co.'s, G. W. Cooley's, J. H. George's and F. Giles'. Wholesale—Adams & Burns and Elchorn & Carpenter.

H. CORBY, Agent



Royal Military College of Canada.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS for Cadetships in the Royal Military College will take place at the Head Quarters of the several Military Districts in which candidates are to be examined.

In addition to the facilities the College affords for an education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education.

The Royal Military College is complete and thorough in all branches. Architecture forms a separate subject.

The course of Physics and Chemistry is such as to lead towards Electrical Engineering, Meteorological Service, and other departments of applied science.

The Ordnance Course in Surveying includes what is laid down as necessary for the profession of Dominion Land Surveyor. The Voluntary Course comprises the higher subjects required for the degree of Dominion Topographical Surveyor. Hydrographic Surveying is also taught.

Length of Course four years.

Four Commissions in the Imperial Regular Army are awarded annually.

Board and instruction \$200, for each term, consisting of ten months.

For further information apply to the Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, before 15th May.

Department of Militia and Defence.

1895.

orchestra supplied the music and the dancing was greatly enjoyed. The proceeds of the ball were in aid of the R. S. Williams & Son Benevolent Society.

The Misses Pyke of King street, Parkdale, gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party and dance last week. The prizes were very keenly contested for during the game, several having to cut and draw, but were finally won by Miss Hickson and Mr. George Brown, and the booby prize by Miss Harris and Mr. G. Kelley. After a dainty supper, which was served upstairs, dancing was enjoyed until early morn, all returning home after spending a very jolly evening. Those present were: The Misses Pope, Miss Harris, Mr. and Miss Wingfield, Messrs. J. and F. Thompson, Miss Hickson, Mr. Sprott, Mr. Frank and Miss T. Mason, Mr. George Brown, Miss Evans, Messrs. George and H. Shaw, the Misses Grigor, Messrs. Charles and Fred Evans, Mr. Dixon, Miss B. Grigor, Mr. M. Thompson and Mr. George Kelley.

The reception for Victoria College at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Friday night was one of the most delightful ever given there. A special train carried the guests. The splendid rooms of the college seemed like a stately home, as in fact it once was, with blazing hearths, tasteful grouping of plants and lovely cut flowers. The hundred and twenty ladies of the college were a veritable "Rosebud garden of girls." Charming music was rendered by a ladies' orchestra from Toronto, including Misses Dallas, Bach, Adamson, Stoner, Rowland and Mrs. Holwell. Delicious refreshments were served in the spacious library. The programme was a topical one, the musical numbers and subjects of conversation, which were arranged by the College faculty, being coincident.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage will draw men from all parts of the province to his lecture in Massey Hall next Thursday night. It is stated that over three thousand newspapers publish his sermons every week in America, Great Britain, Italy, Australia, New Zealand and India, circulating in all over one hundred and twenty million copies. Had man ever such a prodigious audience! Talmage preaches a light religion. He said once that God would not allow so many laughable things to occur if he did not want us to laugh at them.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Berford street, Wiarnton, when Miss Sadie, second daughter of Mr. William Symon, was married to Mr. R. B. Brown of Stratford, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Mr. Acheson. The bride looked lovely in cream silk and carried bouquet of cream roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Annie, in Nile green silk trimmed with silk ribbon. Mr. George Kastnor of Wiarnton was best man. After the ceremony a large number of guests partook of a sumptuous repast and were most cordially and happily received, and many were the good wishes expressed by all. Miss Symon will be much missed in social, musical and church circles. Invited guests were present from Stratford, Guelph, Toronto, Owen Sound and Seaforth, and a large number of personal friends from Wiarnton. The high esteem in which she was held was evinced by the large number of valuable presents. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will reside in Stratford.

The social event of the season in Wiarnton was the annual Bachelors' ball, held in Robinson Hall on Thursday evening, January 14, under the patronage of the following ladies: Mrs. W. Sadie, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Johns, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. F. Sadie, Mrs. J. Symon and Mrs. Alderson. The stewards were Messrs. J. H. Davies, W. R. Jones, G. D. Kastnor, J. J. McKay, C. A. Jones, J. B. Lane, L. M. Ely and F. D. Sharman. A dance held by the bachelors is always sure to be a success, and this far exceeded their fondest expectations. The energetic secretary, Mr. S. J. Cameron, deserves particular credit for his efforts. The hall was tastefully decorated with bunting. The supper, which was provided by the patronesses and young ladies, was one of the best given in Wiarnton, and many were the favorable comments made by the visitors upon the excellent qualities of the good things provided. Some beautiful gowns were worn.

Mrs. Murphy of Hepworth, in black moire silk, Mrs. Belyea of Southampton, black silk and lace, and Miss Belyea, in pink silk and chiffon, were much admired. From Owen Sound, Miss Milburn in cream lustre and pink roses; Miss Saunders, in red silk, and Miss Wood, in pink silk, were equally lovely. Miss McLeod of Ripley was dressed in black and pink silk; Miss Williamson of Tara, green silk and pink crepon; Mrs. Morlock of Guelph, in black moire and jet; Miss Steadman of Seaforth in cream silk, with crimson roses. Of the Wiarnton ladies, Miss Dacie Dinsmore looked charming in white lustre and lace, as did also Miss M. Trotter in white lustre; the Misses Robinson were much

admired—Miss Howard in yellow silk and jet, and Miss Minnie in cream crepon with crimson roses. Two pretty gowns were worn by the Misses Jones—Miss Lucy, in dove colored silk with steel trimmings, and Miss Sarah in Nile green silk and cream lace; Miss M. Vickers, in white Swiss muslin and chrysanthemums, and Miss Livingstone, in cream crepon and silk with crimson roses, were much admired. Miss Ely wore a beautiful gown of Nile green bengaline silk, and Miss Wood, cream crepon; Miss Annie Symon was in Nile green silk, and Miss Kate Symon in cream crepon was a sweet and dainty figure; Miss Birdie Vickers looked her loveliest in yellow silk and white roses. Others who looked well in handsome gowns were: Mrs. G. P. Ames, Miss Wood, Miss Sudden, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. W. Sadie, Mrs. L. Sadie, Mrs. Johns, Mrs. Ely, Mrs. Dinsmore, Mrs. J. Symon, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Alderson. The gentlemen were: From Owen Sound—Messrs. J. Cameron, W. Brown, H. Holmes and E. Tucker. Chelley—Messrs. Kyte and Blue. Paisley—Mr. Black, Toronto—Mr. Weir, Guelph—Messrs. J. G. and L. Morlock. Hepworth—Mr. Murphy, Stratford—Mr. B. H. V. S. Cooper Wiarnton—Messrs. C. Miers, T. Sharman, J. Davies, G. Kastnor, J. J. McKay, J. Cameron, M. McNeil, C. and W. Jones, W. Sadie, L. Sadie, R. Ely, L. M. Ely, J. Symon, H. Bins, J. Lane, L. Johns, D. McDonald, W. Manley, G. F. Ames, J. McCarthy, A. Megraw, J. Johns, and A. C. Elliott.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.



The Dress Suit Case

When intending to be away from home for two or three days and requiring to have a dress suit with you, the above illustrated case will be found the most desirable. We carry a large stock of them at all prices and sizes.

Purses, Card Cases, Dressing Cases, Pocket Books and all kinds of Leather Goods, our own make and imported in endless variety.

105 King St. West

Special

400 Pairs Real Scotch
Turcoman Curtains

LIGHT COLORS AND NEWEST DESIGNS

Orchid, Tulip and Persian

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DIRECTIONS

FOR USING THE

New Skein Holder

Cut the skein through and through, at the tag end, and cut off the knot; then pull a single thread, as shown in the cut. If a double length needleful is required, cut through knotted part of skein only, and then pull loop at same end.

I am much pleased with the New Holders you are using for your Wash Silks. They are a great success. MRS. BELLA F. HORTON, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

I cannot refrain from telling you how much attached I am to your Silks, and how very delightful it is to use them from the New Patent Holder.

MRS. C. M. TENBLIN
837 3rd Street,
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work, and rejoice in this pleasant way to keep them. Miss JOSIE JONES,
752 N. Ninth Street,
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Your New Skein Holder is a great help and convenience. SARAH A. DREW,
Bethel, Maine.

Allow me to say you have done the ladies a great favor, which I think all will appreciate by enclosing your Silks in the Cases. I certainly do. MRS. N. B. DONALDSON,
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Births.

STROWGER—On Feb. 10, at 111 D'Arcy street, the wife of Mr. Fred. Strowger—a daughter.

RAIKES—Feb. 12 Mrs. Harry Rakes—a son.

MCNAUL—Feb. 13 Mrs. F. L. McNaul—a daughter.

WILSHIRE—Feb. 13 Mr. H. Wilshire—a son.

SMITH—Feb. 18 Mrs. J. R. Smith—a son.

McTAGGART—Feb. 25 Mrs. G. D. McTaggart—a daughter.

Deaths.

MORTON—Feb. 17 Dr. George Morton, aged 72.

MURRAY—Feb. 18 Isabella Miller Murray, aged 89.

OSLER—Feb. 18 Rev. F. L. Osler, aged 89.

ZEAGRAM—Feb.